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Events of the Week

MR. ASQUITH has taken the first step to ensure his return to Parliament. He let it be known that if Liberal Paisley offered him the Liberal candidature, through its Association, he would accept it. The Executive Association has now met, and, after a fairly close vote between Mr. Asquith and a Coalitionist, came to a second decision to invite Mr. Asquith unanimously. It is probable, though not certain, that the Unionists will accept this choice, for the Coalition can hardly aim at snatching the seat from the Free Liberals, or Mr. George bar his old Chief's return to the House of Commons. In that case the battle will be between Mr. Asquith and the joint nominee of Labor and Co-operation. Considering the situation in Europe and at home, we have no doubt that Mr. Asquith ought to be in Parliament, and, in their heart of hearts, nine out of every ten voters—Liberal, Labor, or Conservative—think the same. On any system of Proportional Representation he would have been there long ago, and, indeed, would never have left Westminster. But if a fight with Labor is engaged, we strongly hope that Mr. Asquith's part in it will be both critical and constructive. The fate of Europe, and, indirectly, of this country, depends on an early reconsideration of the provisional settlement—we cannot call it a Treaty of substance—of Versailles. Mr. Asquith cannot be less convinced than we are of the need of such a declaration. We hope, therefore, that it will be forthcoming.

* * *

Is there a sharp conflict between two irreconcilable groups in the Coalition Cabinet, or is there merely a division of Labor among Ministers in catering for two currents of public opinion? The indications all point to a conflict of opinion. Mr. George talks peace. Mr. Churchill talks war. The climax came with the scare War Office communication of last week. Now if Mr. George, being Premier, is really for peace, this manifesto from the War Office was a flagrant act of disloyalty, which would have led instantly in any normally

constituted Cabinet to Mr. Churchill's dismissal. That does not happen. The rival theory is cynical enough. It is that Mr. George's function is to please the Liberals, and so he plays the Angel of Peace to the "Daily News." It is Mr. Churchill's function to please the war-mongers, and he plays Marlborough to the "Times." This is Government by Coalition. But what actually happens in Russia? *Sancta Simplicitas!* Mr. George is not thinking of Russia. He is only thinking of the Left Gallery at home, and it claps under the belief that the blockade is being raised. But what if the war is also being prepared at the same time? We note that Marshal Foch pronounces in the "Echo de Paris" against any relaxation of the blockade; Sir Henry Wilson confers with Foch. Meanwhile the Fleet is under full steam for the Black Sea, and by a lucky accident large British and French forces of occupation are setting out for the *plébiscite* areas of the new Poland, where they will be conveniently near to the seat of war.

* * *

On the eve of the Supreme Council's meeting last Friday, this military party organized an astonishing series of demonstrations. A semi-official communication, in the wildest "stunt" style, was sent to the Press, describing the danger to Poland and still more to the British Empire in the East. General Bliss in America called on Congress to send military supplies to Poland. The Mediterranean Fleet was ordered to sail at short notice with every available unit for the Black Sea. Finally, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Long, Sir Henry Wilson, and Lord Beatty, unexpected and apparently uninvited, made a sudden descent on Paris to confront the Supreme Three. They went, said the Press Association, to "stem the flood of a Bolshevik invasion in the East." "Poland," it continued, "naturally figures largely in this question, and it is rumored in Paris that she will be asked to accept a mandate to defend Western Europe against Bolshevism." There is some evidence that the Supreme Council dismissed this preposterous proposal, and all the "well-informed" correspondents in Paris, especially Mr. Wilson Harris, represent Mr. George as emphatically opposed to the Polish adventure. He has seen M. Patek, the Polish Foreign Secretary. After this meeting, M. Patek assured the Press Association "that Poland would never forget her obligations as an Ally," adding that "discussions are now being actively carried on to decide upon the best plan of operations." We do not doubt that Mr. George speaks peacefully to English journalists. But what does he say to Polish Ministers?

* * *

WERE it not that long experience warns us to be cautious in interpreting any of the decisions of the Supreme Council regarding Russia, we should infer from the mitigation of the blockade that the war against the Soviet Republic is morally over. The decision was taken on Friday, and the published text is so obviously official that it can hardly be dismissed, as earlier announcements have been, as the clerical error of a private secretary. After a most humanitarian preamble, the Note states that the Council will "permit the exchange of goods on the basis of reciprocity between the Russian people and

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DETROIT.

Allied and Neutral countries." Facilities for this purpose are to be given to the Russian Co-operative Societies, and the exchange is suggested of grain and flax for clothing, medicines, and agricultural machinery. This implies, we are assured, "no change in the policy of the Allied Governments towards the Soviet Government." This appears to mean that the blockade is maintained in theory, but is subject to large exceptions in practice. Apparently the Germans and Austrians are excluded from the benefits of the new arrangement. The Soviet Government is ostentatiously ignored. In that sense, but in no other, it may be true to say that there is "no change" of policy. To stop sending tanks and poison gas, and to export ploughs and medicines instead, is the completest change of policy that could well be desired.

* * *

THIS is manifestly the first tentative step, which will lead to others. The Soviet Government is in full control of all the industries, distribution, and transport of Russia: it cannot be ignored in foreign trade. If this trading goes far—if British ships begin to frequent the southern "Red" grain ports, for example—it will certainly be necessary to send Consuls. Some of the suggested exchanges are certainly feasible, drugs, for example, in return for hemp and flax, of which there are stocks accumulated since 1914. As for grain, of which there doubtless are stocks in the south and in Siberia, there are two difficulties: (1) transport, and (2) the reluctance of the peasants to sell save in return for goods. If we send locomotive parts as well as articles of barter, the grain should eventually be forthcoming on one condition. There must be peace. The Russian railways just suffice for war, they might just suffice for trade. They cannot be used for both. If, however, grain can be got, surely Central Europe (excluded from these arrangements) has the prior claim. Mr. George's promising trade policy will bear fruit only if he can hold the war party in check.

* * *

THE implications of a war with Soviet Russia are frankly discussed in a series of articles in the "Times," which we imagine forecast Mr. Churchill's policy. The fourth article opens with the sentence: "Rejecting the alternatives of making terms with Russia and of co-operating with Germany against her, WE SHALL CLEARLY NEED A LARGER ARMY THAN WE HAD BEFORE THE WAR." It goes on to argue that it must be a Continental army. "The old pre-war pretence that this army is for home defence only should be dropped." It is to be a Territorial Force of half-a-million men. It must have six months training spread over two years. If it is keen and highly trained, and if all the lessons of the war are scientifically applied, it may be equal to an army of two millions organized on pre-war lines. This Territorial Army will be our European force, while the Regulars can look after the East. Such is the outline of the plan. If the "Times" really thinks that half-a-million young men are still so much in love with war that they will volunteer to do three months' training every year, and to serve abroad to fight Bolsheviks or defend Poles, it is living in a world of its own. One foresees the usual juggling. Fix an impossible standard for volunteering, and use compulsion when experience shows that it cannot be attained.

* * *

APART from its Russian decision, the meeting of the Supreme Council has settled none of the outstanding issues. So far as is known it did not touch the main question of all—the economic restoration of Europe. If

it discussed Turkey we hear nothing of it. The Hungarians have got their peace treaty, but have gone home, vowing that they will not sign. A compromise, the last of many, has been reached between the Western Allies on the Fiume question, but the South Slavs decline to accept it as it stands. They have been given until the end of the week to reconsider their refusal, and then, if they persist, the original Treaty of London will be imposed. The compromise was certainly a great improvement on the original Treaty, for it gives all Dalmatia except the little city of Zara to the South Slavs. Our own objection to this compromise is that it reproduces the scandalous provisions of the Secret Treaty in regard to Albania. The north is given to the South Slavs, the south to Greece, while the trunk is surrendered to Italian control. The South Slavs will rapidly destroy the Albanian population (there is no other) in the north, while the Greeks will either Hellenize or expel the Albanians in the south. The remnant, deprived of Scutari, Coritsa, and Vallona (the only towns of any importance) will be unable to live. Italian control is not a good solution, but Italian control of all Albania as delimited in 1912, would be a better solution than the dismemberment of the nation.

* * *

Most of us realize that Vienna, slowly dying without a ray of hope, is destined to be the enduring monument to the French peace. In some ways, however, Vienna is lucky: it has an enlightened Government, and its people do not hasten the end by mutual murder. Hungary, thanks to the double scourge of the Rumanian looting and the white terror, is now in a worse plight than Austria. The "Coalition" Ministry into which two Right Wing Socialists were forced, because they were told that only to a Coalition Ministry would the Allies grant peace, has now broken up. The wretched Socialists have resigned their minor posts. One of them, Mr. Peyer, had actually been forbidden by the police to address a public meeting. As for "order" under the Whites, 1,200 robberies were reported in ten days during this month. This is of course a symptom of the universal starvation. The child mortality now equals that of Vienna. A pair of boots costs 600 kronen, equal to a month's wages of a skilled laborer. But they get no wages. Industry stands still, and in Budapest alone there are 160,000 unemployed—which means with their dependents half a million. In a manifesto explaining the resignation of its Ministers, the Socialist Party state that "many thousands of workmen are still interned"—of course without trial. To add a truly modern touch to this spectacle, Italian and French capital, profiting by the exchange, is buying businesses in Hungary wholesale. First reduce your enemy to starvation and bankruptcy and then exploit him is the technique of economic Imperialism.

* * *

M. CLEMENCEAU's fall is not likely to lead to any immediate change of policy. M. Deschanel will play no tricks with the Constitution; he does not aspire to a dictatorship. But, just because he will be a Constitutional President, he will not direct French policy. M. Millerand, who has been chosen by M. Poincaré to succeed M. Clemenceau as Prime Minister, is as dictatorial as M. Clemenceau, and is a far more convinced militarist and Chauvinist, for M. Clemenceau is not convinced of anything. M. Millerand has been for some years the hope of the Clericals and Reactionaries. He was one of the principal collaborators of M. Poincaré in the forward policy—*la politique fière*—adopted in 1912 and 1913, and it was he who carried the Three Years Service Law. Writing on January 16th, 1914,

to M. Davignon, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, the late Baron Guillaume, Belgian Minister in Paris, said: "I have already had the honor to tell you that it is MM. Poincaré, Delcassé, Millerand, and their friends who have invented and pursued the Nationalist *cocardière* and Chauvinist policy of which we have noticed the revival. It is a danger to Europe—and to Belgium. I see in it the greatest peril that threatens the peace of Europe to-day, not that I have the right to suppose that the Government of the Republic is inclined to trouble it deliberately—I think rather the contrary—but because the attitude of the Barthou Cabinet is, in my opinion, the determining cause of an increase of militarist tendencies in Germany." M. Millerand has not altered since this was written.

* * *

THE outstanding results of the local elections in Ireland are the effective control by Sinn Fein of the urban councils outside N.-E. Ulster; the emergence over all Ireland of a powerful Labor Party, and the destruction of the Carsonite monopoly in N.-E. Ulster. In considering the first two of these results it should be remembered that outside the North-East Labor and Sinn Fein are in political accord. Labor is Sinn Fein, only more so. Their relations are the relations of the Citizen Army to the Irish Volunteers. And as in the General Election Labor stood down in favor of Sinn Fein, so in these urban elections Sinn Fein made way for Labor in the large centres and any division of voting strength was avoided.

* * *

IN Ulster the Ministerial theory of homogeneity has been rudely shattered. In Derry City a political change of the first importance has been effected. Gerrymandering had perpetuated here a false representation. Now for the first time in its history a Catholic majority has been returned by the allied Sinn Fein and Parliamentary Nationalist forces. Londonderry has again become Derry Columkille. Further east, in the very tabernacles of the Covenant, the altars are shaken or overthrown. In Belfast the anti-Carsonite minority has trebled its strength and is now more than one-third of the Corporation. In Lurgan the Orange majority has become a minority of four. Strongholds like Dungannon and Lisburn are held by bare majorities of one; in Lisburn, indeed, a Sinn Feiner headed the poll followed by a Dominion Home Ruler, and similar results are shown in Larne, Limavady, Carrickfergus and Cookstown. So much for the homogeneity of the North-East!

* * *

To their importance as the latest statement of Irish opinion the municipal elections in Ireland have the added interest of a first experiment on a large scale in proportional representation. P.R. has the support of all parties in Ireland save Ulster Unionism. Sinn Fein from its earliest days has advocated it. Mr. Arthur Griffith is a vice-president of the Irish P.R. Association, and confident in its own strength Sinn Fein counted on making good in Ulster any encroachment upon the National position elsewhere. The Parliamentary Nationalists and the Southern Unionists saw in it the promise of a foothold, and the desire to encourage these small minorities to make headway against the Sinn Fein flood was no doubt a larger factor in the introduction of P.R. than a disinterested love of electoral justice. If that was its purpose it has failed; the supremacy of Sinn Fein has not been materially challenged. But in point of simplicity and accuracy the experiment is triumphantly justified. In constituencies where seventy per cent. and upwards of the electorate voted, the proportion of spoiled votes was no more than from two to three per cent. and

the results show the return of all parties in their just strength.

* * *

THE strike of the agents of the Pearl Assurance Company entered upon a new phase at the beginning of the week when the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress intervened at the request of the Secretary of the men's Union. Representatives of the directors met one or two members of the Committee, and out of the informal talk came a virtual capitulation on recognition. It was agreed that a conference between directors and officials of the Union, together with representatives of the Workers' Union and the Parliamentary Committee, should take place on Wednesday. The surrender was due to the growing strength of the strikers, both in numbers and in the support of the Trade Unions, and the evidence that public opinion was absolutely against the Company on the point of recognition. The step would have been taken with better grace at the beginning of the dispute. The effect of the Parliamentary Committee's intervention is further proof of the power of a strong and alert central body to come to the rescue of the weaker Unions.

* * *

WE have received a cablegram from Mombasa which describes the draft of a proposed Ordinance dealing with Indian workers in the East African Protectorate as a menace to their political freedom. It seems that, under this Bill, which is described as one for the removal of undesirables, any person within the Protectorate, not being a native, whom the Governor deems, on information, to be undesirable, may be ordered to leave it before a date prescribed. Anybody contravening the Order is liable to a fine or to imprisonment, or to both. A conviction is not to affect the Governor's power to issue further orders. Our correspondent insists that the Ordinance lacks safeguards against misuse, and hopes that the Colonial Office will look into it and make drastic changes. We are not in full possession of the facts, but clearly this is not the time for diminishing the rights of our Indian fellow-subjects outside India, and it is in this spirit that we hope the Colonial Office will examine the Ordinance.

* * *

THE collapse of venerable institutions under the shock of artificial panic is not a cheerful, though it is sometimes a laughable, spectacle. The "Times," specializing in exposures of Red Russia, touched what looks like bottom this week. An Italian journalist, signing himself "Piermarini," has been enlivening the "Evening News" with a grotesquely funny account of a lightning trip by rail, "disguised as a comrade," which he professed to have made to Moscow and Petrograd. It is more like Balkan journalism than anything we ever read in a Western newspaper. Confined to the "Evening News," this would have mattered little, but the "Times" has solemnly reproduced day by day long extracts from the stuff. Piermarini describes the frozen Neva at Moscow—few of us had realized the lengths to which this reckless revolution would go. When he got to Petrograd he was disappointed not to meet Lenin there—apparently he has never heard that the capital was transferred to Moscow. He describes how he crossed the frontier at Brest-Litovsk, and there got into a Bolshevik train. The Russo-Polish lines at the nearest point are much more than a hundred miles East of Brest. We do the "Times" the justice to suppose that there are people on its staff who know where the Neva is, where Lenin lives, and where the Polish lines run. Do they speculate in ignorance, or are they over-ruled by the artists in stunts?

Politics and Affairs.

THE RIGHT TURN TO THE WHIRLIGIG.

ONE has a sensation of giddiness in watching the whirligig of the Prime Minister's Russian policy. In November a figure with smiling countenance, olive branches and outstretched hands, whizzed past us. In December a warlike and threatening apparition had succeeded him. In January a fresh rider heaves in sight, benevolent and gentle, and his hands are full of gifts. Will the machine go on turning? Will it come full circle again, and show us once more the grim riders who are temporarily out of sight? What are the laws of its motion? Does it spin round as M. Clemenceau and Mr. George pass to and fro between London and Paris, or is it governed by the advances and retreats of Koltchak and Denikin? One watches this flux of policy, hesitating to make any assertion whatever about it. The safer course would be, with Heraclitus, to wag a symbolic figure by way of indicating that it flows.

On the whole, we incline to take an optimistic view, and to risk the chance that what seems true as we write, will still look true when this issue of *THE NATION* reaches the reader. Like all the rest of the world, Mr. Lloyd George and the Supreme Four (or are they now a Trinity?) have doubtless accepted the fact that the defeat of the Russian counter-revolutionary armies is decisive, and presumably final. Like everyone else who has had to deal with Russian "Whites," they have realized that there is a degree of imbecility, corruption, and irresponsibility which is quite incurable. Some acquaintance with Russian literature, if not with Russian life, might have spared them this long and painful process of disillusionment. If Mr. George and M. Clemenceau could have taken a week's holiday a year ago, and spent it with a selection of novels by Dostoevsky, Goucharoff, and Tchehoff, we might have been spared this adventure. Would any sane man go tiger-hunting with the people in these books? At length they have learnt sadly from life, what they might have learned agreeably from fiction. The lesson has probably bitten deep, and the results of it may be abiding. In the second place the centre of gravity itself has shifted in the councils of the Supreme Being themselves, M. Clemenceau's elimination is not due, as we read the facts, in the faintest degree to any general dissatisfaction in France with his policy of militarism; on the contrary, his critics outdo him in violence. His disappearance, none the less, does remove by far the biggest and strongest personality in the Council. Henceforth, Mr. George is not only its *doyen* but its leader, and in this matter Signor Nitti, with a very radical Chamber to confront and a formidable Socialist Party to placate, is decidedly for peace with Russia. In the Council, then, Mr. George now has his own way, and Mr. George's way is not the path of force. Devious it may be, and not without ambuscades, but it is not the path of the direct frontal attack.

The salient fact is, then, that force has been abandoned in dealing with Soviet Russia, and we shall begin to trade with her again. The wind blew furiously from the Welsh mountains, and the traveller did but wrap his cloak around him; the sun smiles to-day. Perhaps the traveller will drop his cloak. That is, we suppose, the calculation behind the new policy. Russia rallied pretty solidly behind Trotsky, while Trotsky was organising Red armies to fight the foreigner; if the foreigner now comes not with tanks, but with agricultural

machinery and medicines, who knows whether the cohesion will continue? The new line of policy is much more characteristic of Mr. George than the old, and he will probably pursue it with more coherence and conviction. He begins by trading not with the Soviets, but with the co-operative societies. Though the story that Lenin has been shooting co-operative leaders is false, and though the Soviets are now on good terms with this powerful economic organisation, it is the fact that it stands for an order of thought and a grade of society quite alien from communism. Give it the power to trade with the West, and it will have the means of dealing with Moscow as an independent principal in a bargain. It will become what Lenin himself has long been, one of the powerful forces making for adjustment and moderation. Provided this policy is pursued, not too crudely, it will assuredly have good results. We do not think it will smash the Soviets or even undermine them, but it should influence them and sober them. The symptoms all point in this direction. The victory over Denikin is already causing the Soviets to drop their extreme policy of force. The Terror is ended, and apparently the penalty of death has now been abolished. At the same time, Trotsky is beginning to turn some of his Red battalions from war to labor, and he bids them work as valiantly with the spade as they had done with the bayonet. Radek calls for thirty years of peace as the one chief need of Russia. A period of consolidation and construction has begun, and if only Mr. Churchill can be muzzled, Russia may be spared the development of a permanent Red militarism.

To trade with the co-operative societies is a good beginning. We are sure, however, that it cannot be carried far without some more official relation with the *de facto* Government of Russia. In the first place, it would be very crude diplomacy so to act that the Soviets will become suspicious of the co-operatives, and scent a *bourgeois* intrigue in a simple process of exchange for mutual benefit. To trade without recognising a government would nowhere be easy; it will be impossible in dealing with a Government which has monopolised so much both of production and distribution in its own hands. One may begin by trading indirectly through the Baltic Ports, where the writ of the Soviets does not run. But sooner or later, if trade is to go far, we must touch not merely Petrograd, but still more the Black Sea Ports, now falling one by one under the control of Moscow. That means, eventually, the despatch of Consuls and some freedom of travel at least for merchants and economic experts. Nor do we think that the blockade can be maintained in theory, as apparently it now is, subject to the exception that some trade is allowed to some merchants in some articles with the Russian co-operatives. By what right can we dictate to Neutrals the exact course which their processes of trade shall take? Above all, the idea of excluding our late enemies (after the formal ratification of peace) from the benefits of access to the Russian market, is too indecent to last. It is a defiance of international law (as was the whole Russian blockade), and it is also flagrantly inhumane. For us it would be a convenience to get Russian wheat and flax; for starving and naked Central Europe it is a necessity. Our industries are much too busy to value very highly the privilege of supplying Russia with agricultural tools and locomotive parts; it is Central Europe with its millions of unemployed which needs this market.

We take it that the Churchill-Clemenceau policy of arming Poland for an attack in force upon Moscow has been rejected. It was the maddest and most

sinister notion that the destructive genius of these two men had yet evolved. Poland, bankrupt, workless, and half-starved, riddled with the diseases of hunger and dirt, and swept by a plague of typhus, with an army ill-clad, ill-provided with transport, and a State machine as yet but half-organised, would go down infallibly at the first onset of any adequate Red army of attack. Defeat would range Jews, Germans, Lithuanians and Ukrainians with the Polish poor themselves against the ruling caste, which had yielded to the incitements of Paris.

So much, indeed, Mr. Churchill may have foreseen. We should then have been summoned to do our part under the Covenant of the League of Nations, and to back a member of the League against Lenin's "aggression," which the "Times," lost to all reason and fatally lacking in humor, already compares to the Kaiser's attack on Belgium. The aggressive temper of Polish Nationalism and its recent exploits in occupying vast reaches of non-Polish territory in the Russian Borderland, are too notorious for this deception to prosper. None the less, the emergency would be alarming, and even if Poland had brought the disaster upon herself, the League could not allow her to be destroyed. The moral is clear, and it is urgent. If Poland goes on stealthily lapping up great reaches of momentarily derelict Russian territory, we cannot expect the Reds to leave her alone. Some frontier, however provisional, there must be, and an armistice if not a peace. If this fire is allowed to smoulder much longer, it will assuredly kindle a European conflagration. If Mr. George is really bent on peace, he will not lose a week in suggesting and even imposing a *modus vivendi* upon all these Border States. We do not believe that the Reds want a serious war with Poland, nor do we think that they care much about territory for its own sake. In any event, much of the territory which the Poles have taken had been devastated by the Grand Duke Nicholas in 1915, and the Soviets are well quit of it. But somewhere a line must be drawn, and it must be drawn well before the campaigning season comes round again in April.

THE REALITIES FOR LABOR.

THE question of the Labor Party obtaining a majority in the House of Commons and forming a Government from amongst its members has obviously become one for serious consideration. Mr. Churchill's complacent assertion of its inability to govern has stirred a number of angry retorts. On the general principle of these retorts—that few could make a worse mess of it than the present Administration and none more than Mr. Churchill himself—most critics would be in agreement. The same argument was used to defend the giving of the vote to women—that however corrupt or incompetent, they could not make a worse muddle than the men. But such retorts do not carry the argument very far. Neither the public as a whole nor the Labor leaders themselves should be satisfied with such generalizations. A Labor Government for the first time in office in Britain will be a gigantic experiment. It will be the symbol of a great hope. It will be the product of a wave of popular enthusiasm and expectancy. It will be judged by a far higher standard than that applied to the old parties, which were comparatively moderate in their promises, and from whom the great mass of mankind expected little sensational betterment. It will be subject to more concentrated and deadly criticism, by a larger class of influential persons, than the Governments of the older

parties, who could confront wealth, talent, and trained experience with similar qualities on the other side. More persons will be directly interested in its destruction, and prepared to devote time, money, and energy to the work. If it fails, it carries down with it not only the reputation of its leaders, but something far more important—the triumph of the cause for which it stands. These considerations need not daunt those who rejoice in Labor's amazing electorate successes. But they should make all who have influence in the machine consider how it can be improved. The time has gone by for wild declamation against the present structure of society, or demands that the "proletariat" shall rule. Under such a democratic system as ours, the "proletariat," if it wishes, can always rule. The time has rather come to consider what policy the Labor Party should attempt to realize in legislation if they become a Labor Government, and what persons they could select to translate that policy from a paper programme into reality.

And here they are confronted with one fundamental difficulty of their organization of which the more farsighted amongst them are already conscious. Mr. Philip Snowden, the most able and the most idealist of all the leaders Labor has produced, who still, after a year, remains outside Parliament, has directly raised the question in his challenge last Sunday at Glasgow. From the beginning two movements have necessarily been at variance, in a party formed of a fusion of two contradictory elements. The Trade Unions were brought in to finance the party on the promise not of a programme of Socialism, but of a representation of working men and Trade Unionist leaders. Excluded from Parliament entirely by the Conservative Party, and only admitted in scanty numbers by the Liberals, "Labor representation" was to be secured by a federation of Trades Unions electing their own representatives. They were doing this before the war. They are doing this to-day. They send to Parliament men, mostly elderly, respected, who in earlier life have been Liberals or Conservatives, well known locally, comfortable, very pleased at getting there. They enter the House of Commons in the midst of hundreds of other classes, and disappear amongst the hordes of negligible private members who become voting machines. They soon get tired of continuous attendance at the debates. They have small power of taking effective part in the argument of Parliamentary debate, so different from the set speech on the platform. They would support—in mass—a Labor Party Government in power. But the bulk of them would give little assistance to the work of rebuilding the structure of society beyond that of voting down opposition to their leaders.

The other element—originally confined to the Independent Labor Party, but now open under the new Constitution to all who can join and will be accepted by the Labor Party in any constituency—has nothing to do with the direct representation of the workmen or of the Trade Unions. Like the Socialist Parties in Europe, it is out for a policy. And it is no more to do with representation or rule by the working classes than the European Socialists. Everywhere from Paris to Petrograd outside these islands, these Socialist Parties have been led by aristocrat or *bourgeois* leaders, men of culture, often men of wealth, professors at Universities, authors, journalists, lawyers, who have had no more direct experience of "how the poor live" than the British landowner or the American capitalist. Lassalle was the son of an aristocrat. So is Lenin. Trotsky is a cultured Jew who could pass a general knowledge examination at which Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Bonar Law would be hopelessly "ploughed." Jaurès and

Albert Thomas and Longuet were middle-class professors and writers; so were most of the leaders of German Socialism. In all the Social Democratic or Bolshevik Governments to-day in power from Vienna to Vladivostok, the peasant deputies or Trade Union leaders appear as inarticulate supporters of clever lawyers or writers or inexperienced officials—the same class of men who made the French Revolution.

Now the difficulty confronting the British Labor Party to-day is just that of transferring its basis from a Class Party to a Policy Party, or rather the difficulty of making it a policy party while at the same time retaining the allegiance of a whole class. None can overestimate the impetus given by the adherents of a policy. Everywhere they are active, devoted, preaching their doctrine with the determination of a new crusade. They form that body of self-sacrificing, unpaid workers which moves the mass and wins elections. But the impetus of the mass is still largely stirred by the desire for a class representation. In a recent investigation into working class opinion in Sheffield, undertaken by a group of convinced Socialists, it was remarkable how large a proportion of those who voted Labor gave for their reason the fact that they wanted for their member a man who had lived amongst them, knew personally the difficulties of their condition, and had shared the experience of their lives. And the result of this concentration on class rather than on policy is revealed in Mr. Snowden's warnings. Labor candidates, he declares, are now chosen by a local Soviet form of Government. They are selected in the workshop and by the industrial organization. The impression had got abroad that a seat in the House of Commons was the crowning glory of a successful Trades Union Secretary. "I tell you frankly," is his warning, "if that is going to continue to be the method of selecting Labor candidates the Labor Party is doomed."

This criticism has some justification in the facts. In most of the by-elections held this year—not in all—the local Labor caucus has selected as its candidate the local Trades Unionist or Co-operative organizer. There is an undoubted development. For instance, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby has been chosen as the Labor candidate for Brightside, though the selection committee was composed predominantly of Trade Unionists. This shows that the prejudice against middle-class candidates is beginning to weaken. But Mr. Snowden has been rejected as Labor candidate at Colne in favor of a local Trades Unionist Secretary unknown to the Labor movement in general. No Labor Government is conceivable except with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Mr. Henderson as Prime Minister. But Mr. Henderson got back to Parliament by a dramatic *coup d'état* at Widnes, in which the local Labor candidate was swept away; and then only by a small majority, in a seat which has always been Tory, and by substantial Liberal support. And after a dozen contests, and a year to prove the urgent need for Mr. MacDonald's abilities on the Front Opposition Bench, he remains not only outside Parliament, but not even selected for seats where Labor was practically certain to win.

The cry for Labor to admit "middle class talent" has a certain flavor of cant about it. Not all talent is middle class. Not all middle class is talent. It is quite evident that sensational Labor success is going to attract to it, in the next few months, a great wave of the kind of stuff which has hitherto adhered to the older parties. Members of those parties will find that in reality their hearts had always beat attune with the Labor programme.

The *arriviste*, the adventurer, the rhetorician, the climber who hopes for a career, the schemer who desires favor from a Government, all the flotsam and jetsam that accompanies success, will be found eagerly offering its services to the new power. A young Lloyd George to-day, emerging from his Welsh valley to conquer the world, would seek his spiritual home in the Labor movement: although an elderly Lloyd George, with a past behind him, may find the operation a little more difficult. Above all a Labor Government, with the gift of all legal prizes from the Lord Chancellorship to the County Court Judges, will be surprised to find the number of first-rate or second-rate barristers whose hearts henceforth will break with the wrongs of the suffering poor. All this makes the Labor representatives sceptical, and rightly sceptical, of freely offered "middle class talent." It is not specifically "middle class" talent that is wanted. It is the Napoleonic principle of talent to be sought wherever found. But Mr. Snowden is right in his demand that this talent is essential. A body of elderly and undistinguished Trade Union officials can neither carry on creditably a Labor Administration, nor realize a Labor legislative programme. When the time comes, as it may quickly, thirty or forty men of conspicuous energy, ability, honesty and adroitness in the difficult work of administration and debate, will be urgently required. It does not matter in the least what class they come from, if these qualities are present. The Civil Service will, of course, carry on Administration for a Labor head as loyally as for a Tory or Liberal and, in some cases, with even more zest, for nothing is more conspicuous than the rising conscience of the younger men in the Service who, in the years of Europe's agony, have had to face the realities of political life. But what is wanted in a Labor Government is not only a Civil Servant who will not "let down" his Parliamentary Chief, but also a Parliamentary Chief who will make the Civil Servant the instrument of his will. And no hired "business men" can replace or greatly help a Cabinet which has to take Imperial decisions and Ministers who have to control their hundreds of followers, carry on detail, and reveal that rare and almost unanalyzable quality—Parliamentary success. It is good that men like Mr. Snowden should thus be facing realities, and that the Labor organization in centre and constituency should also realize that time is hurrying it from the period of Agitation to the period of Power.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

In regard to profiteering the Government has been getting its accommodation bills renewed, but the time has come for meeting them. It is not surprising that the tempest should have arisen over the staple product of the West Riding, because wool enters, or did enter, largely into most varieties of inner and outer clothing, and winter is a time which brings its deficiencies home. We cannot doubt that the revolt of "the black-coated proletariat," which has been such a feature of the by-elections in Herts and Bromley and elsewhere, is to a large extent due to the failure of the Government to grapple with the profiteer in the clothing trade. It is an irritating blunder because the victim finds a string of minor profiteering in front of him and is unable to get at the real offender in the background. His trouble is increased by the warnings being circulated in the clothing trade that prices will be even higher next winter. December, 1920, will be two years

after the Armistice. The average man believed that with the end of the war high prices would vanish like mists before the sun. It is therefore easy to understand the demand for the publication of the reports of the Sub-Committee on Wool Prices referred to by Mr. W. Mackinder (the secretary of one of the Bradford textile Unions) at the meeting of the Central Committee under the Profiteering Act last week.

There are two branches of this question—the profiteering and the secrecy—and we propose to deal with them in turn. When the war broke out the Government naturally commandeered all the wool necessary for Army clothing, and arranged with the spinners and clothing manufacturers to work it up at fixed rates of profit which were ascertained by an elaborate costings system. So far as we can learn, there is no reason to complain of these rates of profit. They enabled the manufacturers to run their business on terms they would have been glad to accept in the pre-war period. But having secured the clothing of the Army at fair rates of profit, the Government abandoned the civilians to the tender mercies of the trade. If not openly, yet tacitly, the groups of manufacturers were encouraged to make up for what they regarded as inadequate profits on Army clothing by extracting the uttermost farthing from the civilian public. In Bradford Mr. Mackinder's version of the Committee's report is said to suggest that the Yorkshire spinners made 3,200 per cent. *on their turnover*. Mr. Mackinder said nothing so foolish. What he alleged was that the investigations of the Committee's accountants—based on the manufacturers' own books—showed that taking the War Office rate of agreed profit on Army clothing as 100, the ratio of profit made by worsted spinners on civilian clothing ranged from 400 to 3,200. In other words, as the war lasted and the shortage of wool became more acute, the worsted spinners succeeded in getting from four up to thirty-two times as much profit out of civilian woollen materials as they had agreed to take out of Army clothing. The actual detailed figures have yet to be produced, but we have little doubt Mr. Mackinder is right, first because he was supported in his protest by Mr. Sidney Webb, who sits on the Committee, and is a master of figures, and secondly because his version is practically admitted by Sir Arthur Goldfinch, Director of Raw Materials under the War Office, a very friendly witness. We quote one passage:—

"The actual facts are probably these," added Sir Arthur. "On Government contracts worsted spinners were allowed about 4 per cent. manufacturing profit, which was fully up to the average of pre-war profits, but under the abnormal conditions of to-day—with a demand for textile goods far in excess of machinery power—they are making 25 and 30 per cent. Perhaps in some cases they are making more."

If this is all that Balaam, thus sought out, can do for Balak, the son of Peor, we realize that the case is hopeless. But to clinch the matter we have only to look at the balance-sheets. Lister & Co., of the famous Manningham Mills, made last year £286,000 profit against £94,000 in 1914. Their shareholders get 15 per cent. free of income tax instead of 5 per cent., and in order to realize some more of the profit without attracting the attention of the unlearned, the directors are distributing one bonus share for each two existing shares. To do this £475,000 is being taken from the reserve.

How the operation is conducted is candidly explained by Mr. E. F. Hitchcock, Chairman of the

Standard Clothing Committee of the Wool Council, in an article in the "Times." He tells us that:—

"Throughout the trade it is customary, in estimating the price at which cloth or garments should be sold, to add on a fixed percentage, no matter whether the basic price be high or low. As the basis of prices is so very much higher now than in pre-war days, *the margin which this percentage represents is extremely high*, and the more hands through which the article passes the greater accumulation of margin does it have to bear. Owing to the percentage system, the farther away from the wool the larger is the margin added."

We have italicized a few words to emphasize the fact that no one thinks of reducing the percentage if the rise in basic prices shows that it is unnecessarily high, and the Government does not lift a finger to enforce any reform of this method. Why, it may be asked, did it remain supine? First, no doubt, to assist its friends. The West Riding of Yorkshire is marked as the special habitat of the "Coalition Liberal," and looking at those figures we are not surprised that as the Coalition grew, these octopods fastened themselves round it. But there were also, no doubt, financial reasons for this easy tolerance. At the beginning the authorities desired to divert all possible labor from civilian trade, and to direct it into the channels of Army supply. They were not sorry, therefore, to see high prices ruling for civilian clothing, because they argued that it would tend to reduce the demand. They also reminded themselves, no doubt, that they were going to skim off 80 per cent. of these profits as excess profits duty, thus, in fact, imposing a new tax on the civilian public without appearing to do so. It is notorious that there are many methods of evading the full incidence of the excess profits tax, and the Yorkshire manufacturers have not been content with 20 per cent. above their pre-war profit, which, until the excess profits tax was reduced last year to 40 per cent., was all the Ministry professed to allot them. The taking off of that 40 per cent. is said to have alone put fifty millions sterling into the pockets of the wool trade, and there is no doubt the sum was enormous.

There was another reason for official complaisance. The Government acquired the Australian wool clip and has been selling the surplus at inflated prices. It thus redressed its own top-heavy balance sheets, and avoided further taxation of the rich. We had the paradox this last autumn of various London docks so crammed with wool that all the vast sheds were bursting, and the fleeces were stacked under tarpaulins on the quay side, while at the same time wool clothing, manufactured from similar fleeces, was leaping in price every month. According to Mr. Mackinder, the Government in 1919 and 1920 has made £60,000,000 net profit out of its Australian wool, and we cannot doubt that this vast profit-taking has been an excuse and an incentive to the swarm of profiteers. Bradford speculated on the belief that the Government would never make the Profiteering Act a reality, because it was too deeply involved in this traffic. The Armistice came, and a new weapon was placed in the hands of the profiteer. The export trade to Europe was re-opened, and there was a chance to play off the foreigner against the fellow-countryman. It suited the Government, which desired to improve the exchange, and so we find that in woollen goods our exports doubled in quantity in 1919 as compared with 1918, and the value rose from 22 millions to 60 millions. In worsteds the rise in quantity was small, but the value leapt from 7½ millions sterling to nearly 12 millions. The Coalition

Government last year resorted to every legal ruse to prevent us from importing goods from abroad, because that would have lowered the profits of its *protégés*, the home manufacturers. But it looked on with pleasure at these vast exports of woollen goods, because they, too, helped to maintain values and to increase profits for its friends. Hence it is that the "Bradford trade," so long basking in Coalition favor, is astounded at the sudden attitude of the Press and public. It declares—hand on heart, or pocket—that it only charged these high prices reluctantly, intending them to be prohibitive, and was pained when the public insisted on paying them.

It is clear that after Mr. Mackinder's exposures the whole of these reports must be disclosed. The Board of Trade is now engaged in trying to suppress the various reports on British combines which have been produced by the Committee on Trusts (also set up by the Profiteering Act), and to substitute for them "just-as-good-as" reports of its own concoction. The Legal Advisers have been mobilized to find the legal excuses, and it is proposed to "revise" the reports before entrusting them to the simple public. Fortunately, this transfer cannot be completed. The Trusts Committee, after divers private remonstrances to the Board of Trade, has openly challenged the public's verdict by passing a formal resolution demanding that no "partial or revised" versions of its reports shall be issued. With the public in its present temper these tactics are impossible. Whether it be the reports of the Prices Committee on the work of the unorganized profiteer, or of the Trusts Committee on the operations of the great combines, we must have the facts.

THE LEAGUE'S FIRST CASE.

THE reservations made on behalf of the Monroe Doctrine by the United States Delegation in the Covenant of the League of Nations and, later, by the United States Senate in its discussion of that Covenant, are very difficult to understand. It would be reasonable to suppose that the basic principle of that doctrine—to keep the Powers outside America from oppressing or conquering the independent States of that continent—is amply safeguarded in the terms of the Covenant itself. If, on the other hand, they refer to the hegemony of the United States in America as outlined, as recently as 1918, by President Wilson in his address to the Mexican Editors, it would not be difficult to show that this hegemony is either ignored or resented throughout Latin America. If, again, they refer to the right of the United States to settle disputes in America rather than have them submitted to European arbitration, their justification is still difficult to prove. The disputes in South America have been concerned for the most part with boundaries and have been settled either directly between the countries concerned or submitted for settlement to European arbitration. In the one case where the intervention of Washington was pre-eminently necessary—in the matter of the Chilean annexation of Peruvian territory after the war of 1879—it can be proved that the Monroe Doctrine was invoked to preclude European intervention on behalf of Peru and that the United States, left with the matter entirely in her hands, first platonically opposed the Chilean annexations, thereby encouraging Peru to continue her resistance to them, and finally abandoned Peru altogether to the Chilean conqueror, thus consecrating a war of conquest

canism which was first officially formulated during the war by Brazil and later by Uruguay, and which provides for mutual support against the outside world and international arbitration among the countries of America, the Chile-Peru dispute still remains a test case. The United States has hitherto refused intervention on the grounds that Chile does not wish to submit the case to arbitration. This is not surprising, as any award whatsoever must necessarily go against her. Such an objection, however, would not hold good before the League of Nations, which stands for compulsory arbitration. To prove her case, therefore, the United States must coerce Chile into submitting the dispute for settlement; failing this, as both Chile and Peru have subscribed to the Covenant, Peru can, and should, invoke the intervention of the League. This case, in fact, promises to be the first to come before that body.

The present article is only concerned with the Chilean violation of the Treaty of Ancon which presents a case for arbitration. For an account of the causes and history of the war itself, the English reader is referred to the late Sir Clements Markham's "History of the War between Chile and Peru." The war, which was one of conquest on the part of Chile, whose desire had been excited by the discovery of rich nitrate deposits in the territory of Peru, resulted, through her superior equipment and studied preparation, in a complete victory for her. Her plans of annexation were opposed by the United States on principle; but that country's opposition was undermined by the admission that Chile was entitled to recompense herself for her war expenses. It was admitted in the Chilean Congress at the time that she had more than repaid herself for these from her plunder and war levies. This shows that even under the above monstrous assumption there was no justification for annexation. But on this Chile insisted: Peru was in her hands and the United States was either unable or unwilling to bring her to reason. Finally the Treaty of Ancon was signed (1883) by which Peru ceded to Chile in perpetuity the province of Tarapacá (the richest nitrate field in the world) and for a period of ten years the provinces of Tacna and Arica. At the close of this period, according to the terms of the Treaty, a *plébiscite* was to decide whether the provinces were to become Chile's altogether or to continue to belong to Peru. A special protocol, which was to form an integral part of the Treaty, was to be drawn up containing the terms and conditions of the *plébiscite*. Long before the expiry of the ten years, Peru made representations for the drawing up of the protocol, but Chile made no serious reply save to urge that Peru should accept a sum of money instead of the provinces. The wording of the Treaty makes it clear that Chilean authority in the provinces ceased with the expiry of the period stipulated; but it soon became apparent that she regarded the whole transaction as a veiled annexation drawn up in that form to deceive the Peruvian negotiators of the Treaty, and it is needless to say that she still holds the provinces by force. There were a number of Chileans who, influenced no doubt by the relative unimportance of the territory involved, urged the literal fulfilment of the Treaty, but they were not influential enough against official opinion. In this connection it is important to note that Chile's attitude throughout has been varied and uncertain. Her innumerable changes of Government (with apparently a continual change of foreign policy) have given her orientation on this subject a kaleidoscopic effect. Thus one moment Chile proposes to Chileanize the provinces and to hold the *plébiscite* when it is certain to go in her favor; again she proposes giving them (for a consideration) to Bolivia whom she has robbed of her outlet to the sea, thus killing two birds with one stone; and, at rarer intervals, when her relations with other Republics (for example, Argentina) have been strained, she has adopted a conciliatory attitude towards Peru, promising her the restoration of the provinces. This latter attitude has been very rare and

from the spoils of which Chile still derives the greater part of her income.

But if these reservations refer to that new interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine still called Pan-Americanism, it has never lasted longer than suited Chile's immediate purpose. It is strange, therefore, that, after this parti-colored attitude, she should attribute the failure of a settlement to "the instability of the Peruvian Government." That there have been political disturbances in Peru it would be foolish to deny, but the orientation of the Peruvian Government throughout on this subject has never changed; and this cannot be said of Chile. Peru, according to the Chilean historian, Bulnes, has always held the blindest faith in the result of the *plébiscite*, while, according to the same writer, the attitude of the Chilean Government has been contradictory.

The Chilean conditions for the holding of the *plébiscite*, as quoted by themselves, are grotesque. They provide for the admission to the polls of Chileans and foreigners after a residence in Tacna and Arica of six months; and as they also stipulate for the lapse of a period of six months between the signing of the protocol and the holding of the *plébiscite*, it is clear that their intention is to fill the provinces with Chileans and foreigners whose vote will overwhelm that of the indigenous Peruvian. The right of foreigners to vote in such a matter is clearly contrary to the ordinary usage and it speaks well for Peruvian moderation that she agreed to it, only stipulating for a longer period of residence to prevent the obvious packing of the jury. Again with regard to the Council under whose control the *plébiscite* is to be held, it is agreed that it is to be composed of a Chilean, a Peruvian, and a neutral. It would be reasonable to expect that the neutral should be President of the Council and this is the Peruvian suggestion; but Chile insists that the Chilean must be President. The object is, of course, to enable Chile to break off the whole affair once it runs counter to Chilean interests. It must be borne in mind that, in all matters in dispute with regard to this, Peru has been willing to submit to arbitration, and Chile has persistently refused.

ANDREW BOYLE.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE Old War is barely over yet; nor is all the swarm of cripples, criminals, lunatics, *avaries*, starving children and plague-stricken peoples it has made released from the shelter of the world's hospitals, prisons, and lunatic asylums. Still, long live the New War! So plans Mr. Churchill, and so writes the "Times," and so write and plan the people who, behind the scenes, manipulate these organs of opinion. There is no disguise of method. There will be a war in Poland, it being arranged that she shall first attack the Bolsheviks, and then be herself, in the language of the "Times," "in danger of attack." Or, if the Bolsheviks fail to oblige us in Europe, a "Turco-Bolshevist combination" will challenge "our position in Asia, India, and Mesopotamia." At present these hordes may be a trifle enfeebled by typhus and short commons; still, we must be ready for them. So let us enrol a trifle of half-a-million Territorials (plus a Regular Army) to be despatched to any quarter of the globe

where "a probable enemy" can be found for them. Here we may discriminate. It is not necessary to credit Mr. Churchill with a serious design to enlist half-a-million volunteers liable to service abroad. He has not the faintest chance of getting 50,000. The war against Bolshevism will be either a war of Conscripts or it will never be fought at all.

FOR the moment, the new Suicide Club does not prosper. Wholesale woollens have put wholesale murder out of fashion: and working England is a trifle too busy to attend to it. Mr. Churchill's chief, too, seems unsympathetic. On Thursday, the Secretary for War informed the world of the march of the Red Peril on India. The same day he started for Paris, accompanied by an imposing staff of soldiers and sailors, to counter-work it. A few hours later the Prime Minister told the special correspondent of the "Daily News" that the War Office announcement was made without his knowledge and "still less" with his approval, and, Red Peril or no Red Peril, announced a scheme of wholesale trading with Soviet Russia. Now the sensible plan of opening Russia for trade through the Centrosoyus must have been concerted for months. Is it conceivable that Mr. Churchill was ignorant of it? If he was kept in the dark, and has an ounce of self-respect, he should resign. And on the other hand if he knew, the counter-demonstration of Thursday was a miserable feint, and the "defensive war" in Asia is ended before it has begun. Personally I think that the Prime Minister will go on. He knows that he has the country with him. If I am rightly informed, he has also the great majority of the Cabinet, including the important Lord Curzon. Mr. Churchill is not exactly marooned. But he is pretty well isolated. "Society," of course, is with him. But society has no great say in present-day politics.

It is clear that before Mr. George started for Paris he was made aware of the uncompromising resistance which Labor would oppose to a new Russian war, and must have realized that any attempt to mobilize a British army for such a purpose, either by conscription or by voluntary enlistment, would fall to the ground. With this knowledge, and with the fall of Clemenceau, the war-policy came to a natural end. The alternative was obvious. The Russian co-operators have long been working in concert with their British colleagues. Some time ago the Wholesale Society shipped £65,000 worth of goods to South Russia, and as the co-operative system remained absolutely intact, and indeed had become universal in Russia under Soviet Rule, there was every motive for extending this relationship. The suggestion that the Co-operative leaders had been shot is a fiction of which even the "Times" must be ashamed. But I am assured that there has not been a day's stoppage of co-operative work in Russia since the Bolsheviks came into power. In fact the organization has grown by leaps and bounds. One or two co-operators sit on all their larger economic bodies. The Moscow Narodny Bank, which conducts co-operative credit arrangements with the peasants and others, has indeed been formally nationalized, but its co-operative functions have not been interfered with, while the distributive apparatus of the Centrosoyus (The All-

Russian Union of Consumers' Societies) has been assisting the Bolsheviks to keep the people supplied all over Russia. Of course there will be difficulties—notably of transport—in the way of an effective international exchange of goods. But the right line has at last been taken. Mr. Churchill has been publicly and mercilessly snubbed. He will try again; he is trying again to-day. But if only the Demon of Caprice can be exorcized long enough from his perch in Downing Street, the beginnings of European peace should be at hand.

THE Big Four dwindle; and much their greatest figure has gone. With Clemenceau the Furies of Europe's dead past and its Avengers seem to retire to the back of the unilluminated stage, leaving room for a shadowy re-emergence of the Pities. Our politics know and could know no such career. No man embodied more the invincible scepticism of the French spirit, or could so well illustrate its metallic force of expression. Clemenceau neither looked nor spoke nor wrote as if he had a grain of sentiment in his soul. Patriotism with him was no woman's figure; toga and sword were its wear and its weapon. One looks in vain for such a concentration of energy in any country but France; nowhere else is the life of a man of will and culture compressed into so hard a mould and subject to so uniform and incessant an intellectual pressure. What a man! And what a release!

I FIRST met Clemenceau in the great days when he and Jaurès, Pressensé, Zola, Reinach, and Briand, were all more or less associated in the Dreyfus campaign. Since then I occasionally called on him at the Rue Franklin, and saw him amid his books and the classical busts and *objets d'arts* in which the cultivated Frenchman delights. There was some wonderful journalism done in those days in "L'Humanité" and "L'Aurore." But Clemenceau's incessant articles were the finest of all. One could read them day by day and never see a point either slurred or repeated. They were compact of irony, eloquence, personal invective, and the precise logical statement which is the great gift of the writing Frenchman. Each was a masterpiece: it was indeed marvellous that a single writer could use such an armory and keep every weapon in it bright. Yet in those days no one saw in Clemenceau a possible master of France. Jaurès was the great coming politician, and Clemenceau seemed insulated in a little group of personal admirers of the old Radical school. He was then as always anti-Socialist; but though no great Frenchman ever admires another, he did not in speech deprecate Jaurès. A little later the great Dreyfus *bloc* had broken up.

M. DESCHANEL's victory had long been preparing. Even during M. Poincaré's visit here he was regarded as his certain successor. Poincaré was not a pleasing master of France; his personality was *bourgeois* and unattractive: he had taken much on him, and the country wanted no such successor. Deschanel was rather in the line of Casimir-Perier: handsome, elegant, accomplished, a wonderful President of the Chamber, charming to listen to, skilled in the tradition of the glittering phrase and the balanced sentence. He will not be a forceful President; but he will be moderate and safe, and no exponent of Chauvinism. With him the

return to caution in French foreign policy begins—and with a Millerand Government in power, not a day too soon.

I DON'T suppose that the authors of the Note to Holland on the ex-Kaiser's surrender either intend or desire its success; for that enterprise belongs to the rather numerous class of political doings which, like kissing kings' hands, count as "gestures" rather than as acts. Indeed, it is so loosely drawn as to court the reply that Holland is certain to give to it. It speaks in the name of the Allied and Associated Powers. Yet not all these Powers have even ratified the Treaty, so that the action that it calls for is not even legally due. The Note is as empty of substance as of form. Two of the most important Powers strongly oppose a trial; and not one strongly favors it. The idea was conceived of the General Election, born on its rowdy platforms, and died with the Lloyd George majority. The ex-Kaiser is ill, likely to die soon, and he is a figure of no further importance in Germany or anywhere else, for the Monarchical revival there is in the Crown Prince's favor, and passes his father completely by. If we hang him, we practically present the throne of Germany to his son, much as our Regicides presented the throne of England to Charles II. And this is too heavy a price to pay for the keeping of one of Mr. George's promises.

I AM astonished that so little notice is taken of the statement in the "Westminster" that no income tax need be paid on any contribution to the British Empire Union's funds, provided it comes out of traders' profits, and that a rebate had been permitted by the income tax authorities. Why? By order of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Or of Parliament? The British Empire Union is a partisan organization. I should describe it as Jingo in tendency, with an added suspicion of anti-Laborism. By what right then does the Chancellor divert money from the State to its coffers? Sir Robert Hudson writes to say that the same privilege was sought for the Red Cross organization and denied it. Parliament will, I hope, at once be moved in this matter.

THE Dutch workmen's "extra day" of work for the Viennese children resulted in a contribution of £80,000 to the funds. In addition to this, 6,000 Austrian children are always being fed and entertained in Holland: and a fortnightly train, stocked with food, is regularly dispatched from the Dutch frontier.

HOLIDAY MOODS:—

It is the Sinners who elect the Saints; for what Saint would ever admit that he was one?

The theory of Relativity corrects that of Sainthood.

In these days no man need envy wealth and power, for the one is usually ill-gotten and the other is abused.

The soul quickly throws out a protective coloring against its ills—such as sorrow, disappointment, or unfulfilled love.

If there is a return to the conventional life on the part of sensitive men, it will be because they desire not solitude but companionship.

It must be in some other sphere than this that we love the highest when we see it.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

CLEMENCEAU.

LIBERTY, equality, fraternity—of these three the modern French Republic has come nearest to realizing the second. The resistance which it has always made, even at the lowest ebb of its fortunes, to royalist and Napoleonic pretenders is really part of more deeply-rooted suspicion of greatness and inequality. The atmosphere of France is singularly unfriendly to powerful leadership. Authority indeed is respected, with less question than among ourselves, but it tends to be impersonal. It is the authority of the machine, of the official, of the *prefet* above all, who is simply the servant of the Ministry of the Interior. The group system in politics forbids the formation of strong and united parties.

It is an obvious consequence of the group system that party leaders do not attain in France the prestige and the personal power which we gladly allow to them in England. A brilliant orator, an astute master of Parliamentary tactics contrives for a moment to assert himself in the Chamber. He forms a Ministry and holds office for a few months. Two years, if he is unusually strong or adroit, is the limit of his term of power. During that term he is a prominent personage who disposes of much patronage, but he is never the undisputed head of a conscious and closely-knit majority, aware of itself throughout the country as the ruling half of public opinion. When the Ministry falls, the Premier sinks back into his former position as one among many prominent Parliamentarians. He may, after an interval, hold office again, but as likely as not it will not be at the head of a Ministry. The normal condition of politics in England, the long duel between two permanent captains of two permanent elevens, is unthinkable in France.

It is not, we think, the group system which explains the weakness of leadership in France, but rather the dislike of leadership which explains the group system. It is not the case that varieties of opinion are more sharply defined in France than among ourselves: on the contrary the boundaries of the groups are shifting and their programmes are apt to be as indefinite as their names. Nor is it the talent for leadership which is lacking: it is rather superabundant. The underlying fact is rather some undefinable instinctive jealousy of greatness. The average Frenchman feels, as the average Athenian used to feel, that a strong leader even in a Democracy is a potential "tyrant." The Third Republic has never adopted the *naïve* system by which Athens periodically "ostracized" her great men. But her institutions do appear to work with an uncanny regularity in striking down a powerful personality. Usually it is scandal which serves periodically to eliminate the more powerful and ambitious figures. Does a man emerge whom his friends hail incautiously as "the strong man" of to-morrow? Be sure that Nemesis will beat him down in the midst of some *affaire*.

On the eve of the war, with the Three Years' Service Act as the main issue, French politics seemed to be concentrating into something that had a temporary resemblance to the Two Party system. The Left was gaining something like the cohesion and the discipline of an English party, and at its head, with his hand on the provincial organization, on finance, and on the Press as well as the Parliamentary groups, was M. Caillaux. Wealth, the power of work, a grasp of detail, and, above all, unusual courage, had given him a power over men common enough in England, but very rare in France. The Briands, the Millerands, the Vivianis are orators and tacticians: he was a party leader almost in the English sense. Allow what you will for panic and for personal enmity, at bottom we believe it was largely the profound French dread of a citizen who becomes too powerful which led to his arrest, his long detention without trial, and the drafting of an indictment which to English minds seems to rest on trifles or indiscretions. There was something of the same dread of ascendancy in

the murder of Jean Jaurès. He was not merely by far the greatest orator of the modern France: his was the only French voice which carried across the frontiers, and was heard with respect by all Europe. He was, moreover, what no other Frenchman was, a prophet, and a great moral force as well as a party leader. The attacks which preceded the murder in half the Press, and the verdict of the jury which acquitted the murderer, suggest that Paris dreaded Jaurès. In Athens he would have been ostracized with Aristides: in Paris for want of an oyster shell he was shot. If any Labor leader in England had attained the same European position as Jaurès, even our Tories would have been secretly proud of him as a great Englishman. Great Frenchmen are safe from this watchful jealousy only when they confine themselves to literature, science, or the arts.

It is this same jealousy of greatness which has denied to M. Clemenceau the reward of the Presidency. For three years past he has dwarfed every other figure in French politics. He made no attempt to conciliate other prominent personages. He had composed his ministry of nonentities, and had discarded all the veteran Ministers, the favorite orators and the shrewd tacticians. He struck down the only leaders who might have had opposed him openly, by putting M. Caillaux in prison and driving M. Malvy into exile. He quelled incipient lobby revolts with a gesture or a few rough words. He retained power until he could "make" the elections; he forced all the Conservatives and all the Opportunists to shelter under his wing, and the result, thanks to "coupon" manœuvres, and a sham system of proportionalism, was an overwhelming triumph. A majority of both Chamber and Senate owed its election solely to the fact that their names were inscribed in the lists which bore his label. None the less when this majority got the chance of voting secretly, it deserted the leader, and refused to his career the crowning glory of the Presidency. The reason cannot have been political. This majority was as much Clemencist as our own Coalition is Georgite. The vote which carried M. Deschanel to the highest office of the Republic can have meant only one thing, that Frenchmen, in spite of the wave of reaction, dread an authoritative President, that they retained the traditional fear of "Cesarism," and above all and in particular that they are jealous of the power of M. Clemenceau. The vote seems to the foreign spectator ungracious enough. It is not a generous act to contemplate, but there is this to be said in defence of it, and of the attitude which it betokens, that "the strong man," when French politics do happen to give him his chance, tends to rule by self-assertion and intimidation. Leadership in the sense of persuasion is not a French tradition.

So ends in a partial eclipse one of the strangest public careers in modern history. One doubts whether, when the record of this period comes to be written, the personality of Georges Clemenceau will stand out in the big lines that it shows to us. The romance of it will always carry its appeal. The one survivor of the humiliation of 1871 lived to reverse it by his unbending will in 1918. But can any save a contemporary realize fully what miracles of faith, what fanatical resolution, were required to keep the purpose of the *revanche* alive? Few of us would have said before the conclusion of the Entente Cordiale that it was the part of a sane man to contemplate the restoration of the lost provinces. The younger generation seemed to have forgotten them. France had sought and found her compensation in the pursuit of economic imperialism, the Russian ally was himself half within the German system, and no one save fanatics like Déroulède seemed to share the passion that still burned in the breast of Clemenceau. How many among ourselves, as the war dragged on from year to year, would have predicted with certainty, before the failure of Ludendorff's drive in 1918, the full recovery of all Alsace? Of sober men, fewer still believed in the possibility of a dictated settlement. The miracle of this almost mystical faith in the destiny of France is that it had found shelter in the mind of the most sceptical, the most cynical, Frenchman of his generation. An attempt to catalogue the beliefs of Clemenceau, would discover

one that was positive, his belief in France. All the rest was negative, from the anti-clericalism to the anti-socialism. He used to say of himself, when he looked round for some positive definition, that he stood for the whole *bloc* of the revolutionary tradition. In fact, he had selected only its destructive side. Its humanitarianism, its internationalism, its faith in the perfectibility of human nature—these were not among his illusions. To quote the epigram of Mr. Keynes, "he had one illusion, France, and one disillusion—mankind." His life had been an incessant, malicious, and rather jolly warfare. He had assailed every institution in turn, from the Church to the Colonial Empire, with raillery and epigrams. He had destroyed half the Cabinets of half-a-century with merciless *mots*. He had proved himself, especially during the Dreyfus *affaire*, the prince of leader-writers, in a country where the art of writing, day after day, the crisp, logical, annihilating leading-article is cultivated with a finish and a virtuosity which English journalism has never known since the days of the great essayists—and how loose, how discursive they seem by comparison.

[What will remain of this brilliant achievement? Up to 1914 we should have said of Georges Clemenceau that he was the very genius of destruction. He had helped to destroy the State Church and the clerical-military tradition. He had ruined more vanities, more reputations, more ambitions than any other living man. Of his one term of power, did anything survive save the memory of his ruthless repression of a series of strikes? To-day it would be impossible to define his work in more positive terms. He has made France for the moment the first Power on the Continent. He has created a system of military ascendancy more grandiose than any that Europe has seen since the great Napoleon. He has called in being a vast Poland, a big Serbia, a miniature Tchec Empire, an imposing system of "barbed wire" drawn round Germany and Russia. If his was not the brain that conceived this system in all its details, his was the will which beat down the scruples of Mr. Wilson and the impulses of Mr. George. He goes out with the system still intact, and like the old Bishop in Ibsen's "Pretenders," he leaves behind him a *perpetuum mobile* of suspicions and resentments that will work for generations after he is dead. The structure of ascendancy, the imposing cage in which he has confined his enemy, is still erect, and to all appearances solid. The work may outlast what is left of the old man's lifetime. When the time comes to write his epitaph, what seems constructive to-day may rather resemble destruction. If so, history will say of him in the end that he destroyed nothing less than European civilization itself.]

THE TWO PANICS.

EVERY new experiment in that difficult art of living and working together, which mankind has been trying to master all these centuries, comes as a shock to all except the youth of the human race. By youth we mean those whom Taine had in mind when he said that to every one at the age of twenty the state of the world is a scandal. If we look at the history of our relations with the Russian Revolution we find that the constant motive inspiring the policy of intervention is precisely the same motive as that from which the war upon Revolutionary France derived its strength. In both cases there were other considerations to complicate the issue, but in both cases the overpowering impulse was this dread of a new experiment. The Englishmen who followed Mr. Churchill, the Frenchmen who followed M. Pichon, were animated by one dominating fear, the fear that Burke expressed when he said: "This system of manners in itself is at war with all orderly and moral society, and is in its neighborhood unsafe. If great bodies of that kind were anywhere established in a bordering territory, we should have a right to demand of their Government the suppression of such a nuisance. What are we to do if the Government and the whole community is of the same description?" One of the most intelligent French supporters of the policy of intervention in Russia put

it that he could imagine no greater disaster to the world than the mere seeming success of the Bolshevik experiment, and that every method should be employed by the rest of the world to prevent this.

A new experiment to minds anchored in all the traditions and customs of established life is like a new monster that suddenly appears on the world. Men and women are ready to believe everything about it. There is probably no story of savagery which the "Times" or the "Morning Post" would not print in the honest belief that it was a common feature of the Bolshevik régime, just as Burke was doubtless perfectly sincere when he declared that the Jacobins were cannibals who drank the blood of their victims. The old look with exaggerated fear, the young with exaggerated hope, to every new experiment: it was so with Jacobinism, it is so with Bolshevism. And to those who are dominated by the dread of significant change, or of the first threat to a world in which they live comfortably and without fear, every experiment takes much the same insidious form. Compare what our rulers think about the Bolsheviks with what Burke said about the Jacobins:—

"Jacobinism is the revolt of the enterprising talents of a country against its property. When private men form themselves into associations for the purpose of destroying the pre-existing laws and institutions of their country: when they secure to themselves an army by dividing amongst the people of no property the estates of the ancient and lawful proprietors: when a state recognises those acts: when it does not make confiscations for crimes but makes crimes for confiscations: when it has its principal strength and all its resources in such a violation of property: when it stands chiefly upon such a violation: massacring, by judgments or otherwise, those who make any struggle for their old legal government, and their legal hereditary or acquired possessions—I call this Jacobinism by establishment."

The nationalization of women appeared in another form:—

"All their new institutions (and with them everything is new) strike at the root of our social nature. Other legislators knowing that marriage is the origin of all relations, and consequently the first element of all duties, have endeavored by every art to make it sacred. The Christian religion, by confining it to the pairs and rendering that relation indissoluble, has by these two things done more towards the peace, settlement, happiness, and civilization of the world than by any other part in this noble scheme of Divine Wisdom. The direct contrary course has been taken in the synagogue of Antichrist, I mean in that forge and manufactory of all evil, the sect which predominated in the Constituent Assembly of 1789. . . . By a strange uncalled-for declaration they pronounced that marriage was no better than a common civil contract.

. . . In consequence of the principles laid down, and the manners authorized, bastards were not long after put on the footing of the issue of lawful unions. . . . Divorce, happily, is no regular head of registry amongst civilized nations. With the Jacobins it is remarkable that divorce is not only a regular head, but it has the post of honor. . . . With the Jacobins of France vague intercourse is without reproach: marriage is reduced to the vilest concubinage: children are encouraged to cut the throats of their parents: mothers are taught that tenderness is no part of their character, and, to demonstrate their attachment to their party, that they ought to make no scruple to rake with their bloody hands in the bowels of those who came from their own."*

The desire to lynch the villain of the piece made the middle classes the warm supporters of the English

* A piquant incident occurred in the French Chamber during a discussion of the Russian question. A Socialist deputy after M. Pichon had been working on the feelings of the French Chamber in the manner of Burke, though with something less than his power, remarked that harsh judgments had been passed on the French Revolution by contemporaries who argued that its character made it essential that civilized nations should make war to put it down. There were loud cries of horror, and M. Deschanel warned the speaker that Frenchmen could not endure to hear the French Revolution spoken of in the same breath as the Russian. When the tumult subsided, M. Marcel Sembat asked M. Deschanel whether he had read lately the opinion of his late colleague of the Academy, M. Taine, on the September Massacres, but M. Deschanel replied with a smile that he did not want to enter on an encounter with M. Sembat's incisive wit. So does it often happen in private life that the man with the past becomes the greatest stickler for conventional orthodoxy.

aristocracy in their anxiety to suppress the French experiment. They rallied to the appeal made by Windham, who was Mr. Churchill's predecessor. "In his idea the conquest of Britain by Louis XVI. would have been a calamity by no means equal to the propagation of French principles. In the one case our persons might perhaps have been safe; all morality, order, and religion would be totally overthrown in the other. This would be a war *pro aris et focis* to the greatest extent." England went into the French war in that spirit, and in January, 1794, when the French had been driven out of the Austrian Netherlands, had formally disclaimed interference with their neighbors, and had made private overtures to the British Government. The King's Speech declared: "We are engaged in a contest on the issues of which depend the maintenance of our constitution, laws, and religion, and the security of all civil society." It was only a handful that followed Fox who argued that "a war against opinions was in no one instance and could not be either just or pardonable. A war of self-defence against acts he could understand, he could explain, and he could justify; but no war against opinions could be supported by reason or by justice; it was drawing the sword of the Inquisition."

Mr. Churchill was, twelve months ago, in the position of Windham. It was known that the Bolshevik Government was prepared to renounce all designs that affected its neighbors, but Mr. Churchill argued as Burke had argued that the most arduous war was less dangerous than friendship with that kind of being. Mr. Lloyd George was not precisely in the same position as Pitt, for secretly he disbelieved in the wisdom of making war, whereas Pitt, though he did not share Burke's fanatical opinions, believed by 1793 that war could not be avoided. But Pitt, who until then had been embarrassed by Burke's passionate propaganda, was quite glad when war broke out to make use of the spirit Burke invoked and excited. Mr. Lloyd George seems to have thought or feared that the forces in favor of war were the stronger, and he allowed Mr. Churchill to employ all the means in his power for stimulating the war fever. And Mr. Lloyd George has brought down on his own head some at least of the reproaches that Burke, on the one hand, and Fox, on the other, could urge against Pitt. Fox said of Pitt that he had made the military power of France, and any critic of the Government's policy after looking for Denikin, Koltchak, and Yudenitch on the map, may well quote from Fox's speech in 1801:—

"The noble lord next alludes to the principles and power of France. For my own part I never had much dread of French principles, though I certainly have no slight apprehension of French power. Of the influence of France upon the Continent I am as sensible as any man can be; but this is an effect which I do not impute to the peace but to the war. It is the right honorable gentleman himself who has been the greatest curse of the country by this aggrandisement of France. To France we may apply what that gentleman applied formerly on another occasion—we may sing—

*"Me Tenedon, Chrysenque, et Cyllan, Appollinis urbes,
Et Seyron cepisse."*

He is the great prominent cause of all this greatness of the French republic. How did we come into this situation? By maintaining a war upon grounds originally unjust. It was this that excited a spirit of proud independence on the part of the enemy; it was this that lent him such resistless vigor; it was this that gave them energy and spirit, that roused them to such efforts, that inspired them with a patriotism and a zeal which no opposition could check, and no resistance subdue."

But if the Government are amenable to this criticism, they are amenable also to the criticism of Burke:

"I am sure you cannot forget with how much uneasiness we heard, in conversation, the language of more than one gentleman at the opening of this contest, 'that he was willing to try the war for a year or two, and if it did not succeed, then to vote for peace.' As if war was a matter of experiment! As if you could take it up or lay it down as an idle frolic! As if the dire goddess that presides over it, with her murderous spear

in her hand, and her gorgon at her breast, was a coquette to be flirted with! We ought with reverence to approach that tremendous divinity that loves courage but commands counsel."

Pitt, at any rate, could answer that if he tried to make peace it was not until he had put forth a great effort.

*"Potuit quæ plurima virtus
Esse, fuit: toto certatum est corpore regni."*

The Government to-day are in a very difficult position. It is no credit to them that the Russian war has lasted months instead of years. The reasons are to be found in the exhaustion of Europe and the growing power of its democratic forces. So long as the Government merely had to choose between war and peace they chose war; it was when they had to choose between war and power that they put war in the second place. And if members are asked whether they, like Pitt, spent their whole strength in an enterprise which was either a duty or a crime, they will answer "No, we stopped short of that. The truth was we decided to try the experiment of starving the people of Russia and of supplying the *émigrés* and reactionaries with poison gas, tanks, aeroplanes, guns, in order to see how much harm we could do to the Bolsheviks with the least inconvenience to ourselves."

Sacrifices, yes, but the sacrifices were to be made by Russia; both the Russia we combated and the Russia we promised to help; by the little States on her borders for whose independence we affected to be concerned: but whose lives and hopes and fortunes were to be our barrier against this unspeakable enemy. The experiment lasted some months, till it became clear that the Bolsheviks were growing stronger rather than weaker, and that if it were prolonged the confusion and want that we had caused in the East and the centre of Europe might spread one day to our shores.

And every honest man, reflecting on what this experiment has meant in increasing the sum and depth of human suffering and despair, will say as Burke said on another occasion, that he would rather put his hand in the fire than have any share in one of the meanest of the wars of history.

ARTICLE 227.

It is said that Renan in his last letter declared that he awaited death with only one regret: it would prevent his following the final development of the Kaiser's personality. Merely as a psychologist, he might well have regretted that; for no student of the mind could desire a more unusual, contradictory, or fascinating subject. As a spectator of human tragedy upon an enormous stage, he might well have regretted it too. Every element of tragedy but one is found in that tragic drama. We are shown the self-confident grandeur of the opening scenes; the overweening pride that challenges the gods; the destiny involving multitudes; and the fall like Lucifer's. Only the command, "Go, bid the soldiers shoot," is wanting to bring the curtain down. And last Sunday the Supreme Council issued the demand that Holland should extradite her refugee to stand his trial before a tribunal of his enemies, in accordance with Article 227 in the Treaty of Peace. The letter was signed by M. Clemenceau, and we suppose it was his last public act. A characteristic act beyond question.

Readers may remember a remarkable essay published in a Portuguese paper in 1891, and reproduced in the "Times" during the first December of the war. It was a study of the Kaiser—the young Kaiser, as he then was—by the Portuguese author, Eça de Queiroz, and seldom has an analysis of character been so subtle, or proved so prophetic. Close upon thirty years ago that writer beheld the Kaiser in all his first rapture upon the stage of Europe. So far the chief actor had only revealed that in him, as in Hamlet, the germs of various men were present; and it was impossible to foretell which of them would prevail—whether he would amaze mankind by his

greatness or by his triviality. One day he was to be seen as the Soldier King, occupied with manœuvres and reviews, valuing a change of guard before all the business of State, and accounting a drill-sergeant the fundamental unit of the nation. Next day he was the Reformer King, in workman's blouse, convoking social congresses, embracing the proletariat whom he had set free. Suddenly he was transformed into the King by Divine Right, convinced of his infallibility, subjecting the highest law to his will, and driving into exile all who doubted his God-given wisdom. Next he was the Courtier King, engrossed in sumptuous etiquette, regulating festivals and masquerades, ordering the fashions of head-dresses, and decorating officers who excelled in the cotillon. In a moment he became the Modern King, treating the past as bigoted, testing greatness by industrial growth, and regarding the factory as the supreme temple of mankind. He dashed about Europe. He gave entertainments everywhere. His people called him "The Tourist Emperor." He absorbed alike the romance of the south and the mysticism of northern forests. On his yacht he preached the emptiness of human pursuits, and adjured his suite to commune with the Eternal as the only reality. Next day he was writing jokes for students, or playing the dandy in the thick of English society. A moment after he was terrifying Berlin with a night alarm.

William II., the Portuguese author wrote, had become a contemporary problem. Some thought him a youth thirsting for newspaper fame; others an example of unbalanced fancy and morbid imagination; others, again, simply a Hohenzollern summing up all the qualities of Caesarism, mysticism, sergeantism, red-tape-ism, dogmatism, which characterized the successive kings of the lucky lords of Brandenburg. Each of these theories might contain a particle of truth:—

"In my opinion, however," the writer continued, "he is nothing but a *dilettante* of activities—a man enamored of activity, comprehending and feeling with unusual intensity the infinite delight it affords, and desiring to experience and enjoy it in every form permissible in our state of civilization."

Most men can easily be *dilettanti* in ideas or feelings; to be a *dilettante* in activities—to command armies, reform society, and build cities—one must possess a submissive empire. And that was what the Kaiser did possess. He could let loose his insatiable *dilettantism* of activity with the licence of a young steed galloping over the silent desert. Besides, he laid claim to the alliance and intimate friendship of God:—

"The world has never seen, since the days of Moses on Sinai, such intimacy, such an alliance between the creature and the Creator. He is the favorite of God, he holds conference with God in the burning bush of his Berlin Schloss, and at the instigation of God he is leading his people to the joys of Canaan. Truly he is Moses II."

At first the Kaiser spoke of God as the Master who is in Heaven, the Almighty ordering all things. But gradually he came to speak of him more familiarly as an Ally, almost in the same sense as the old Emperor of Austria. We remember his phrase, "Our old Ally of Rossbach," when assuring the Prussians of God's future aid. An insatiable desire to experience every form of activity, combined with the conviction that God promoted the ultimate success of his every undertaking, explained, thought the Portuguese writer, the conduct of the mysterious Emperor. But apart from the belief in Divine friendship and assistance (which few would openly claim in these days, though our fathers freely claimed it), what man among us, full of that vital passion for activity, would act very differently from the young Kaiser, if the same opportunities were his? Give to anyone of us two highly gifted parents (both *dilettanti* in the best sense); bring anyone up amid great traditions of martial and imperial glory; place such a man in youthful manhood upon a throne in command of an army which had hitherto showed itself invincible, and over a people singularly submissive to rulers and regarding all reigning families as one of the chief interests in social conversation; concede the opportunity of

indulging all the many-sided tastes that most people share—the love of knowledge, the lust of travel, delight in music and art, pleasure in society, the joy of drilling great bodies of men and making them move in harmony like an orchestra, the desire to benefit one's fellow creatures and make them love us for our kindness, and the passion for imposing one's will upon the world—place any one of us in such a position, and who can swear that he would not behave very much like the young Kaiser, or a hind let loose, or a wild ass galloping over the silent desert?

It was all very natural, but Europe is not the terrain for wild asses to gallop over. Yard by yard that headlong course led to the final crash. Year by year we can now watch how the poisonous influences of pride and adulation encroached upon the healthy substance of that versatile and eager mind. Move the drama forward from 1891 to 1904-1906, and see in the "Willy-Nicky" letters, now revealed, in the "Morning Post," how lamentable is the change. What pitiful intrigue has encroached upon the youthful frankness! What love of secrecy upon the love of publicity, once excessive! What malign distrust and hatred upon a disposition naturally open-hearted and alive to friendship! From boyhood, the temptation to "military glory" had always been strong. No matter what his philosophic father and wise English mother might say, the young Prince was saturated with the conception of splendid war as the true field for the display of a ruler's genius. For years he struggled, we suppose honestly, against the temptation. He desired to be known as the "Friedenskaiser," much as his uncle was known as the "Peacemaker." He desired to prove his devotion to his country by acting as her Imperial commercial traveller, and he succeeded beyond the dreams of commerce. It was not till he was nearly fifty that he began to yield before the temptation from outside as well as from within. Up to the very last and even at home he maintained some struggle against it, though it cost him his popularity. The present writer happened to be in Berlin when war was declared. He moved among the excited multitude crowding Unter den Linden. When the horn of the Kaiser's motor was heard, the people cheered, of course. But when the Crown Prince swept past, the cheers were far more than double. That is the way of crowds at the beginning of every war. For it was believed that the Crown Prince stood for war; the Kaiser even then for peace.

But that day came—the day foretold thirty years ago by that Eça de Queiroz, when "Europe would awake to the roar of clashing armies, because in the soul of the great *dilettante* the desire to 'know war,' to enjoy war, was stronger than reason, counsel, or pity for his subjects." It would be a fearful position, wrote the prophet, for one who claimed direct inspiration from God and alliance with Him. He would be casting against Fate those terrible "iron dice" to which Bismarck once alluded:—

"If he win, he may have within and without the frontiers altars such as were raised to Augustus; should he lose, exile, the traditional exile in England, awaits him. . . . In the course of years (may God make them slow and lengthy!) this youth, ardent, pleasing, fertile in imagination, of sincere, perhaps heroic soul, may be sitting in calm majesty in his Berlin Schloss presiding over the destinies of Europe—or he may be in the Hotel Métropole in London, sadly unpacking from his exile's handbag the battered double crown of Prussia and Germany."

Had such a man but donned his eagle helmet and the white cloak of his own Cuirassiers; had he but walked up and down the parapet of the last trench defended in the collapse of his armies in November, 1918, till death came suddenly to him as it had come to millions of others, how differently his own people and the rest of the world would be thinking of him now! But, in evil hour, he decided to live, and now in exile, though not in the traditional exile of England, he has unpacked that battered crown. So the tragi-comic figure stands, while the Queen of Holland receives M. Clemenceau's demand, and the final scene of the tragedy opens.

Obviously, the best possible thing that could now happen to the Kaiser would be his surrender by Holland,

his trial before a Court composed entirely of his enemies and prosecutors (by Article 227, the Court is to consist of judges selected by America, England, France, Italy, and Japan), and then to be beheaded in public. From his point of view that would be a fine and fitting end. So far as we remember, only two European kings have been executed after trial, and they were at least tried by their own people, not by their national enemies. Both Charles I. and Louis XVI. were *dilettanti*, not in activities, but in the innocent pursuits of carpentering and art-criticism. In comparison with the Kaiser, both were dull and insignificant men. Yet their execution elevated them to martyrdom, and surrounded their severed heads with the halo of sanctity. How much more certainly would the glory of holy martyrdom descend upon the Kaiser after the guillotine or hang-rope had liberated his soul and set it marching along! "So excellent a king!" not his own people only would then begin to say. "So devoted to what he thought the highest interests of his country! So wide in his enthusiasms! So clever, so active and vital in all he did! Such a good husband! So far removed from the dirty scandals of other Courts!" Thus the common judgment would run, and popular journalists would only have to turn up the praises they lavished upon the Kaiser less than ten years ago—an easy task, for some of their finest eulogies are published in book form.

If it is anyone's desire to erect the Kaiser's reputation upon a pedestal of martyr's glory; to revive the false and tenacious adoration of Monarchy throughout Europe; to re-establish Militarism in Germany; to ensure conscription for all countries; to extinguish the smouldering League of Nations before it is a living flame; and to make the world more unsafe for Democracy than even the war and the peace have made it; then the obvious thing is to echo Mr. Lloyd George's scream and hang the Kaiser. But we doubt whether that bedraggled figure will secure so desired and fine a drop-scene to his tragedy. It may be in accordance with French and Japanese justice that the judges in a Court should represent the prosecution. It is not in accordance with British law. If the man is to be tried, let it at least be by representatives of neutral States; or let us follow Kruger's wise example and hand him over to his own people for the trial. M. Clemenceau's letter, after enumerating the terrible wrongs committed by German forces during the war, maintains that "for all these acts the responsibility, at least the moral responsibility, lies with the Supreme Head who ordered them, or abused his powers to infringe, or allow to be infringed, the most sacred rules of the human conscience." A trial for "moral responsibility" in war and its invariable abominations is a widespread net; and if we begin hanging for that many will be involved besides the Kaiser and the 800 officers whom Germany is called upon to surrender. Some must also be exhumed to be hanged in chains. Were it not better as an example of pride's fall and the horrid doom of autocracy, to adopt our recent proposal and send the Kaiser on a lecture-tour in the United States? If the proceeds were paid into the German exchequer, they would at least double the exchange value of the mark, to the great advantage of the world's commerce.

The Drama.

"JULIUS CÆSAR."

We had a very noisy evening at the St. James's Theatre when "Julius Cæsar" was produced. The Forum scene was like nothing so much as a cup-tie. I do not pretend to know how Roman crowds behaved in the time of Julius Cæsar; but I am quite sure that they did not behave as this one did, because no crowd off the stage ever laboriously carried verisimilitude to such a pitch. The defect of the crowd seemed to me, on the whole, the defect of the production. Everybody shouted, as the crowd shouted; but, above all, everybody "acted" as the crowd "acted." When, the other week, "Hamlet"

was produced at Covent Garden, I mentioned that the individual actors did not distract attention from the general scene, and suggested that this was a good feature of the performance. This was not the case at the St. James's Theatre, although, of course, no comparison of the two productions would be permissible. At the St. James's one is acutely conscious of the fact that Mr. Ainley is playing Marc Antony, and Mr. Basil Gill Brutus. Even if one had not read Mr. Milton Rosmer's correspondence about his laryngitis one would have known that Mr. Rosmer was playing Cassius. To have this knowledge forced upon one is to have the perspective of the tragedy spoilt, because, while the illusion created by dramatic performance is half voluntary on the part of the spectator, any interference with that illusion is shattering.

This is not a captious objection to the Ainley "Julius Cæsar." It is simply a suggestion that while great thought has been given to the details of the performance, this thought has been given to inessentials, and has not gone deep enough. It has not deepened into imagination. Good work is being done the whole evening, and work the intelligence of which is altogether to be admired. Mr. Gill's Brutus, for example, is often extremely fine. It is dignified, and it suggests a character, even when Brutus is silent. That is, it is not merely a pasteboard Roman, but there are indications that this Brutus is in some way superior to his fellow-conspirators. Mr. Ainley, again, manages to convey the honesty of Marc Antony by an earnestness of action and delivery which one must admire. But Mr. Ainley trembles from head to foot over the body of Mr. Clifton Boyne; and one knows it is Mr. Ainley who trembles, and one knows it is Mr. Boyne who lies silent at his feet. It is very clever to be able to tremble, and it is very clever to be able to lie still; but there are higher goods, even in acting, as Mr. Ainley has proved often enough before now. There has been no illusion in this instance that Mr. Ainley and Mr. Boyne are real Romans. They do not look like Romans, and their behavior is still that of English actors whose togas may at any moment spoil emotion or declamatory speech by slipping down. My suggestion is that unless there is real illusion, a performance of any play leaves one indifferent and might just as well not have been given.

"Julius Cæsar" offers great difficulties. It is in some degree spectacular, and few stages are big enough, in the full glare of modern lighting, to give an impression of being without limit. When a crowd has to squeeze about, simulating herd emotion of a passionate character, when noble Romans have to squeeze past it into a little pulpit in order to declaim immortal phrases, when the crowd has to prolong artificially and in a succession of incredible noises its ejaculations of piety or anger, one longs to knock out the walls of the theatre as a first step towards conviction. Crowds at football matches are packed close, are vociferous; the sound of their roar, as they follow the motion of the ball and the chances of battle, is certainly (to the stationary auditor) variable and intermittent. But directly the ball is on a line with any segment of the crowd there is no "Cæ-e-e-e-sa-a-ar" dying and breaking and swelling. All is alert and stormy. If one goes into Hyde Park, and listens to the orators there, one finds that the crowds keep still and again do not modulate their outcry. It is simply a question of observation and contrast. They are *staccato*. They are real. All this horrible old tradition of the stage crowd is false. The stage crowd is restless, sentimental, and ridiculous. That is what the crowd at the St. James's Theatre is. It is never at peace, but is always thinking of some new stunt whereby to give "life" to the scene. It may give life to the scene, but only a kind of hysterical, may-fly life; and assuredly it brings death to the spectator's imaginative sense. And if the whole point of stage representation be not to stimulate the visual and imaginative senses, give me the printed word every time.

Of the principal actors, Mr. Ainley and Mr. Gill alike keep still, and do not move about to the destruction of their assumed personalities. Mr. Gill rarely "acts" so as to give the air of having thought out sophisticated

naïvetés of "business." Mr. Ainley shakes a good deal; but is otherwise extremely simple and, of course, attractive. But for the rest I thought all the people in the play were preoccupied with their parts and their togas, and so made them both unconvincing. That many Londoners will go to see this production I do not doubt, and it is so well-intentioned that one wishes it success; but I am impatient to see Mr. Ainley in something more suited to the limited resources of a comparatively small stage and the capacity of human actors for assimilating the general atmosphere of a dramatic piece. I do not think this "Julius Cæsar" memorable either for its imaginativeness or its intellectual strength, or even for the ingenuity of its handling of stage crowds. It is far too superficially competent and far too easy in its acceptance of familiar standards of Shakespeare presentation.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

MUSIC.

THE TEACHING OF EURHYTHMICS.

As I was leaving the theatre after one of Monsieur Dalcroze's Lecture-Demonstrations last week I overheard this remark:—"Fancy studying all those years just for the purpose of being able to beat four different times at once!" and it struck me then how impossible it is even for our "artistic" public to form even the beginnings of a comprehensive view about anything.

First of all then, what is "Eurhythmics"? Briefly, it is the science or study of balance between mind and body. Everything in the Dalcroze training is subordinated to one aim—the development of a harmonious relation between soul and body. Dalcroze being a musician, has merely chosen music as his means of expressing his idea. It remains for others to apply the same principles in different directions and man will have at last embarked upon a voyage of educational discovery which will really be of some use in the world. Jacques-Dalcroze realizes that in training students he is not impressing upon them his ideas about music—his ideas about anything—he is merely "calling out," "reawakening" in them their individual and latent powers of self-expression—latent because, as he himself has often pointed out, most people live and die with "but one half of their brain developed." In our heart we know that the body really is the picture, the "outside" of the soul, meant to express all that is worthy of reproduction; we know too that as yet our body is a stranger to us because we have never taken the trouble to examine it and find out what it really means. Therefore when Dalcroze says that our mind is but half developed he is stating an undeniable fact, and it is the purpose of Eurhythmics to develop this "other half" of the brain, which will give man an intelligent understanding of the body and its possibilities.

The education of children is Jacques-Dalcroze's first aim, and we must therefore consider this aspect of his work before any other. Perhaps the most difficult problem with which a teacher of children is faced is that of getting them to listen; without attention there can be no concentration, therefore no creation. Feeling must precede thought, as thought must precede form or expression. Children must therefore be taught how to listen. Obviously a child of four cannot be expected to attend merely because his teacher tells him that it is good for him: he must be interested and amused; the teacher must make himself one with his listener by awakening in him feeling akin to his own. The children's classes consist therefore in the most fascinating of games. A group of perhaps twelve, ranging from four to ten years old, seat themselves cross-legged on the floor, shut their eyes, and listen to what the teacher plays on the piano. As they attend, eyes shut, mind concentrated, silent and relaxed, the feeling called up by the music forms its own thought which is represented by each pupil in turn through the medium of the body. In this involuntary way they learn the differences between key signatures,

tempi, major and minor, sharps and flats, &c. Thus quite subconsciously, without any effort, feeling only the pleasure of freedom of movement, the child begins to know something about that mysterious trinity in unity—Feeling, Thought, Form—which is himself.

After a few weeks of this way of listening and interpreting the music played by the teacher, the children themselves play and interpret each others' music, and at this stage the elder students begin the study of the anatomy of music. But, since the anatomy of music and the anatomy of the body are inseparable, both these studies are generally started together; for the education of the Dalcroze student cannot be considered "balanced" as long as he remains a stranger either to the mechanism of the medium through which he expresses himself, or to the construction of his own body, the instrument or agent of that expression.

The spectator of these exercises in anatomy must realize that, whether they appear to him dull and ugly or full of interest and beauty, they really are the "scales" and "five-finger exercises" of Eurhythmics, the skeleton upon which the system is built, and must be accepted as such. From childhood onwards the student is taught to know no separation or division between the "within" of himself and the "without"; thought and action are to be simultaneous, effortless, free, and according to the nature of his feeling so will be the quality of his thought and the character of his action.

Most encouraging results have been obtained with backward and abnormal children—children of whom surgeon and specialist alike have despaired. Something as yet unappreciated by medical science, something of the creative rhythm, which the first-class teacher of Eurhythmics arouses in his students, actually pierces the wall of inertia, destroying the inhibition which in the first instance was the cause of the trouble. The obvious deduction from this is that the training of a teacher of Eurhythmics must cover an exceptionally wide field of knowledge, for not only must he have mastered the piano, singing (*solfège* or ear-training), improvisation both in music and movement, physiology and anatomy, but he must also be able to teach these subjects, and teach them with a disciplined imagination. It is therefore hardly surprising that, in all cases, the training is very strenuous and is nearly always long; but nothing is more certain than that the few who have so far graduated are both more intelligent than most musicians and more musical than most intellectuals. When this is recognized, no one will imagine (as many now do) that Eurhythmics can be learnt by taking an hour's lesson once a week. The student might work on till Doomsday at that rate, but he would never learn concentration—much less balance, for the simple reason that he is proving by his actions that he does not want to learn it. No subject worth studying deserves to be treated in such a slovenly fashion.

And now, how do Eurhythmics help us? Why do we "Pelmanize"! Why do we undergo courses of "Mind Training"? In a word, to learn concentration. Eurhythmics aims at the same end, only in a more entertaining way. True, it may take longer, but if we only desire to learn concentration there is no need for us to take a teacher's training, and, if we are really interested enough to try, the time will seem all too short because of the surprising pleasure we shall experience in the process of learning. Few appreciate the immense value of "change" more than Dalcroze; that is why Eurhythmics gives rest to mind and body alike. The shutting of the eyes, the relaxation of the muscles, and the subconscious, childlike listening is in itself the direct antithesis of the straining after knowledge, and to urging, nervous tension.

To sum up. The aim of Eurhythmics is to teach Concentration and Balance on both the mental and physical planes in such a way that the student faces life not only with an understanding of music finer than that of the average musician, but also with an added quickness of response, a new and intimate relationship between mind and body which is at present quite beyond the realization of the greater part of mankind.

N. TINGEY.

Communications.

AMERICA AND EUROPEAN CREDIT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—An influentially-signed memorial has been presented to the Allied and Neutral Governments calling for an immediate conference of the financiers of the world. It is certainly time that such a step should be taken, for the financial condition of most of the countries of Europe is exceedingly grave and is steadily growing worse. It is not that they are really bankrupt, for with the possible exception of Austria the assets of every country far exceed its external liabilities; it is not solely that in every one of the national budgets there is a huge gap between income and expenditure, which shows little prospect of disappearing; it is not solely that over large tracts of Europe there is a dearth of food and raw materials. The simple fact is that Europe as a whole is spending far more than she is producing and that her life can only be kept going by the inflow of material wealth from other continents vastly in excess of what she can export. This fact exhibits itself in the phenomena of rising prices, falling exchanges and the steady increase of foreign indebtedness.

It is evidently impossible for this state of affairs to continue indefinitely, and it is therefore essential that steps shall be taken which shall ultimately restore equilibrium and which shall in the meanwhile create a temporary machinery of credit to enable Europe to obtain food, raw materials, and the new capital necessary for effective production. With these aims in view four different schemes have been put forward during the last few months, emanating respectively from Mr. Frank Vanderlip, Sir George Paish, Mr. Herbert Hoover, and Mr. Maynard Keynes.

In the spring of last year Mr. Vanderlip, one of New York's greatest bankers, visited Europe, and on his way back wrote a book, "What Happened to Europe," in which he told something of the serious condition of the Allied and Neutral countries, and recommended that the United States should express its willingness to advance them a huge loan, the interest on which should be guaranteed by liens on their Customs revenues. His proposals were adversely criticized in America, particularly by the bankers, who deprecated the dark colors in which he painted the European situation as a form of "crying stinking fish." No expression of opinion was elicited from the European Governments or peoples as to whether they would be willing to accept such conditions as Mr. Vanderlip proposed.

About the same time Sir George Paish and Mr. J. A. Hobson put forward in the columns of *THE NATION* a proposal for the creation of League of Nations bonds, which should be used in part for the extinction of international indebtedness and in part for the provision of credits for Europe. The bonds were to be declared tax-free in all countries, and the interest on them was to be found out of the saving in each country on armaments. This is apparently the same scheme that Sir George Paish has recently been recommending in America. It has been severely attacked there on the ground that if the condition of Europe is really as bad as Sir George Paish represents it then the bonds would have no real security except that of the U.S.A. itself and would be in effect an eleemosynary grant to Europe.

Mr. Herbert Hoover divides the problem into two. First he recognizes the necessity of saving parts of Europe from immediate starvation. This, he considers, had best be done frankly by charity; and when I saw him recently in Washington he told me that American voluntary agencies alone were now subscribing over seven million dollars a month for this purpose. Secondly, the general rehabilitation of European credit he believes should in the main be left to ordinary commercial channels. This will act as a check on the extravagances of European Governments and force European finance on to a sound footing.

Finally Mr. Keynes, in his book on "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," outlines what he considers the necessary steps in the restoration of European

equilibrium. These involve (1) a complete revision of the treaty, including a reduction of the German indemnity to £2,000 millions, (2) a forgiveness of all debts between the Allies, (3) a new loan of £200 millions by America to Europe and a further £200 millions mutually subscribed to rank in front of all other obligations. He recognizes that the forgiveness of debts will involve very considerable sacrifices on paper by America, but thinks that circumstances justify it. As to the loans, he recommends them only on the condition of a complete reversal of the present policy of the Allied Governments, and of the adoption by every European belligerent of a levy on capital to rid itself of internal debt.

It will be seen that common to all these schemes is the underlying idea that in some shape or form America will have to supply credit to Europe for a considerable time to come. They differ mainly in the conditions attaching to such credit, and on the question as to whether the American people are to be asked to lend direct to Europe or whether the creditor shall in the first instance be the American Government. With regard to this, Europeans are apt to overlook a very important point which was explained to me by a leading New York banker. Neither the small man nor the big man in America is naturally predisposed to lend money to Europe at a fixed rate of interest. The small man prefers a speculative industrial security in his own country where he stands a chance of a high rate of interest to becoming a *rentier* with a humdrum 5 or even 6 per cent. The big man prefers to invest his money at home in *tax-free* securities. Several billions of dollars of such are at his disposal—the first Liberty loan, all State bonds, municipal bonds, school bonds and many others. With income-tax and super-tax reaching between them as much as 60 or 70 per cent. on great incomes a tax-free bond yielding 5 per cent. interest is equivalent to a European security yielding 15 per cent. or even more. Consequently a European loan for a large amount, even if 6 or 7 per cent. be offered, is not likely to be successful unless it is either taken up by the United States Government or floated by means of the kind of "drive" that accompanied the issue of the later Liberty loans during the war.

No doubt this difficulty would be met by the issue of new bonds of a tax-free character, such as Sir George Paish recommends. But such an issue would involve great loss of revenue in the future to the Governments of the countries where it was held; and further, the creation of a large class of rich, tax-exempt persons would be a grave danger to the stability of the State. This solution is therefore not likely to be adopted.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

Letters to the Editor.

CHINA AND THE PEACE.

SIR,—The days pass by, and no sign is forthcoming that the question of questions in this country is likely to find an early solution. The dissatisfaction about Shantung and the disappointment at the failure of the Peace Conference to do justice to China's claims is not being removed. The boycott continues, or if it seems to flag, is roused into more vigor by the students, who have been encouraged to keep up their agitation by their success in getting rid of the three or four most prominent members of the pro-Japanese Party.

Here in the West we have our Students' Union, which last week sent round a notice to each school to send a deputation of forty to inspect two shops which were suspected of dealing in Japanese goods. So far in this province student-action has been fairly pacific, though the processions have been accompanied by the music of drum and bugle. It is, however, most detrimental to true education that students should neglect their studies in order to make demonstrations of this kind.

It is some satisfaction that so far the objection to Japanese continual occupation of Shantung has not led to the use of more violent means, which could only end in disaster.

But will this state of things continue? No one can fail to see that a rapid change is coming over the country. Probably a newcomer would gain the impression that China is the most military country in the world. Almost every village in this province has a band of soldiers quartered on it. The entrances are guarded by men with fixed bayonets. All the city gates have a squad, fully armed, for the collection of taxes on goods entering and leaving. Nearly every temple is in the occupation of the military, and one is awakened in the morning by the sound of many bugles, and retires to rest with the same music ringing in one's ears.

Yet with all this outward appearance of militarism it is probable that not much more than a quarter of one per cent. is in arms. It is, however, becoming increasingly difficult to get workmen of any kind, because of the number who enlist. A year or two ago one could find about a hundred men waiting by the river on the chance of a job as carrier, now there are seldom more than a dozen.

The country is entirely in the hands of the military chiefs. The constitutionalists have failed to bring about peace, and the only hope of settling the controversy between the North and the South seems to be in a plan which will perpetuate the supremacy of the Tuchuins (or military governors), by leaving each in charge of the province he has gained by force of arms. Such a settlement, though it might satisfy most of the generals, will not be accepted by the Szechuanese, whose chief political hope is to be rid of the usurpers from Yunnan and Kweichow who have taken possession of the province and are bleeding the people in order to support their soldiers. Such a settlement, moreover, could not be permanent.

However much the Chinese may in their hearts despise the soldier, they cannot but see that brute force is at present in the ascendancy, in internal as well as external politics. The end of the war in Europe is stated to have been the victory of Right over Might. To the Chinese it wears a different aspect, and is simply the victory of more Might over less Might, and until they see Europe and America, and, above all, Japan, setting to work to reduce armaments this aspect is likely to prevail.

Had diplomacy secured to them the return of Shantung it might have been different. China would have been convinced that the other nations had her welfare at heart.

It is most important that the Chinese should not keep the idea that the great Powers are out solely for their own aggrandizement. The letter of H. Wilson Harris, in your issue of August 30th, is very much to the point. THE NATION is read by many Chinese both here and in England, and it would be fatal to friendly relations between the two countries if the Chinese should believe in the existence of such a secret agreement as to spheres of influence as was apparently given credence in THE NATION of August 23rd. It is gratifying to learn that well-informed circles do not believe in the existence of such an agreement.

One way in which the British Government could persuade China of its disinterested friendship would be by the remission of the Boxer Indemnity.

The French and Chinese authorities are uniting on a scheme for industrial education in France, which might well be copied. Students of good intellectual attainments are being sent to France for three years for technical instruction in such branches of education as silk-culture and silk-weaving. Some hundreds from different provinces have already sailed, and there are over a thousand in the preparatory classes throughout the country.

If the British Government could arrange some such educational scheme and use the Boxer Indemnity to finance it, not only would mutual goodwill between the two countries be promoted, but the ends of British trade would be served, for these men would return to China prepared to start factories run by British machinery in their own country.—
Yours, &c.,

GUTHLAC.

Chungking, West China. November 14th, 1919.

PAISLEY.

SIR,—“A Wayfarer” asks, “Is an Asquith candidature wise?” and adds, “It will probably ensure a straight fight between Liberalism and Labor.”

Now, Sir, if “A Wayfarer” be correct in saying that both Parties “recognise that sooner or later there must be

an arrangement,” why should not such an arrangement be based upon the evidence to be derived from a series of by-elections? And why, in the meantime, should such opportunities of ascertaining the views of the Electorate be always spoken of as “fights”?

Surely one of the greatest dis-services rendered by the late Mr. Chamberlain was his familiarising the people with the terms of militarism, when speaking of commercial enterprise. Why not think and speak of a by-election simply as a means of arriving at the truth regarding the views and wishes of Democracy?

If the faultiness of our Electoral system makes a temporary arrangement necessary at a General Election, there is all the more reason for welcoming at each by-election the opportunity of ascertaining which of the two Parties has the greater claim to the seat.—Yours, &c.,

Minehead.

D. B. McLAREN.

[“Wayfarer’s” argument was essentially that of our correspondent.]

VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

THE Editor acknowledges, with many thanks, receipt of the following sums:—

	£	s.	d.
C. L. R. ...	10	0	0
H. Berwick ...	5	0	0

[Owing to the pressure on our space, we have had to hold over a number of interesting letters. We would again appeal to our correspondents to make their communications as brief as possible.—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

ONCE JERICHO.

WALKING in the woods one day,
I came across a great river of rye
Sweeping up between tall pine-trees.
The grey-green head of the rye
Jostled and flaunted,
And filled all the passage with a tossing
Of bright-bearded ears
It was very fine,
Marching and bending
Under the smooth wide undulation of the upper branches
of pines.

“Yi! Yi!” cried the little yellow cinquefoil.
“What is this bearded army which marches upon us?”
And the loosestrife called out that somebody was treading
on its toes.

But the rye never heeded.
“Bread! Bread!” it shouted, and wagged its golden beards.
“Bread conquering the forest.”

I stood with the little cinquefoil
Crushed back against a bush of sheep’s laurel.

“I am sorry if I crowd you,” said I.

“But the rye is marching

And the green and yellow banners blind me,
Also the clamor of the great trumpets
Is confusing.”

“But you are trampling me down,” wailed the loosestrife.
“Alas! Even so.

Yet do not blame me,
For I, too, have scarcely room to stand.”

Then a gust of wind ran upon the tall rye,
And it flung up its glittering helmets, and shouted
“Bread!” again and again,
And the hubbub of it rolled superbly under the balancing
pines.

“Three times the trumpets,” thought I,
And I picked the cinquefoil.

“Why not on my writing-table,” I said, caressing its petals
with my finger.

And that, I take it, is the end of the story.

AMY LOWELL.

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The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"My Diaries." By Wilfred Scawen Blunt. Part II. 1900 to 1914. (Martin Secker. 21s.)

"My Second Country (France)." By Robert Dell. (Lane. 7s. 6d.)

"The Nations and the League." By Ten Representative Writers of Seven Nations. With an Introduction by Sir George Paish. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

"The Mason Wasps." By Henri Fabre. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos, F.Z.S. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

* * *

I WAS interested to see the other day a statement to the effect that Darwinism was responsible for the war. It interested me especially, because if I were a statesman, a financier, or Mr. Churchill, the first thing I should do would be to place "The Descent of Man" upon the Index. I should suppress such a revolutionary tract out of hand. "The chief cause," he says in one chapter, "of the low morality of savages is the confinement of sympathy to the same tribe." That is as subversive a plea for pacifism as you could get. What a sentimentalists, too! The man who reads into evolution and the survival of the fittest an assurance that "virtue will be triumphant," would hardly receive the Coalition ticket. There is worse to follow. "As man advances in civilization," says the man who was supposed to paint the world red in tooth and claw:—

"and small tribes are united into large communities, the simplest reason would tell each individual that he ought to extend his social instincts and sympathies to all the members of the same nation, though personally unknown to him. This point being once reached, there is only an artificial barrier to prevent his sympathies extending to the men of all nations and races. Sympathy beyond the confines of man, that is, humanity to the lower animals, seems to be one of the latest moral acquisitions. . . . This virtue, one of the noblest with which man is endowed, seems to arise incidentally from our sympathies becoming more tender and more widely diffused, until they are extended to all sentient beings."

Why, the book stinks of the New Testament.

* * *

It is only of late years, of course, that the sting has been taken out of the tail of natural selection and the struggle for existence, and it is not only Sir Oliver Lodge ("Life and Matter") but the zoologists who have disposed of Haeckel's apology for human predaciousness. Nature, it seems, did not elaborate her fabric of evolution for her predacious darling to put his foot through. When you get a hard-headed zoologist like Prof. Gamble declaring for "a fundamental psychical uniformity of living things," from the metazoa to man, it behoves us to rub up our Darwin again and see how little he was responsible for a world of "chance variations," physico-chemical reactions, and a utilitarian scheme of things—each for himself and the devil take the hindmost. In 1871 there appeared a criticism of the "Descent of Man" from that able moralist, Frances Power Cobbe. Evolution it accepted:—

"When we compare it (the doctrine of 'special creation') with that of the slow evolution of order, beauty, life, joy, and intelligence, from the immeasurable past of the primal nebula's 'fiery cloud,' we have no language to express how infinitely more religious is the story of modern science than that of ancient tradition!"

remarkable words for their date. But what she boggled at was the application of the Spencerian and Darwinian theory of the origin of "moral intuitions" from "experiences of utility" to human life. She says flatly that the hour of this theory's triumph would "sound the knell of the virtue of mankind," which is guided by the principles of abstract morality. Her view, that is to say, postulates one law for man and another for nature. Man is the moral idealist, nature the materialist, where the survival value depends upon a utilitarian—viz., a predatory and egoistic—response to chance variations.

HER reading of nature illustrates, in fact, what Samuel Butler said about materialism (which he, like so many others, telescoped with Darwinism):—

"The theory that luck is the main means of organic modification is the most absolute denial of God which it is possible for the human mind to conceive."

How she would have shuddered had she lived to see the latest discoveries of science—that there is actually less difference between man and the gorilla than between the gorilla and the marmoset. For Victorian anthropomorphism is as dead as the ichthyosaurus, and what Miss Willcocks said in THE NATION two or three weeks ago—"we seem to have to carry the beast with us all the long way we have to go, and not the beast only, but the cell, and possibly the very plant and mineral consciousness"—is about the one unquestionable axiom that can never and will never be abraded. Life is indivisible; there is no bridgeless chasm between godless nature and man descended upon by the Holy Ghost, and each one of us is a pocket map of all creation. To review Darwinism, therefore, is a very ticklish business, for in his books we are reading our own biographies. It is with a new interest that we peruse those queer words at the end of the "Descent of Man":—

"For my part, I would as soon be descended from that old baboon (who came down from the Abyssinian hills to rescue a young one from the dogs of the hunters) . . . as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions."

* * *

I MYSELF read Darwin over again for this page, with a strong impression that the "red-in-tooth-and-claw" philosophers had never taken the trouble to read him at all. He does not, of course, paint nature *couleur de rose*, for nature is imperfect, as man is imperfect, and Rousseau's conception of nature simply ignores evolution. That is the dolorous world of the lotos, where fear is as dead as hope, where effort, conflict, movement, and aspiration, the *παντρία βέλος* of unfolding life, are stilled in the smile of arrested life. It is a fixed and unchanging smile and (in Blake's opinion) uncommonly like a demon's grin. Nevertheless, all the modern, non-mechanical theories of life originate in Darwin. Kropotkin's admirable book, "Mutual Aid," is one example of many. "Man did not make society, but society man" runs a fine aphorism, and when Kropotkin wrote:—

"Therefore combine—practise mutual aid! That is the surest method of giving to each and all the greatest safety, the best guarantee of existence and progress, bodily, intellectual, and moral. That is what nature teaches us!"

it all comes out of Darwin. "Sympathy," he says:—

"will have been increased through natural selection, for those communities which included the greatest number of the most sympathetic members would flourish best and rear the greatest number of offspring."

Again and again one becomes assured that nature is not so easily dragooned or philosophized into complicity with man in his utilitarian war upon her and his fellows. At one time there was a great to-do about this same natural selection, and it was made an excuse for sweating children in mines.

* * *

ANOTHER thing one gets to understand by re-reading Darwin is nature's peaceful devices out of the life and death struggle. Migration, for instance, is a notable example of "peace by negotiation," and one has only to compare the aggressive weapons of existing species with those of fossilized ones to see that animal evolution has proceeded by a gradual disarmament. If the struggle were the reality usually taken for granted, the process must have been the other way round, and the progress of animal life have been analogous with that of modern Europe. But as we see by the study of extinct forms, the most heavily armored are the oldest stock. For the glories of life now on earth have been achieved by the enthusiasm and industry of countless experiments; by elaboration from a very dust of substance; by fugues out of croaks and wings out of scales; by joy and pain, "woven fine a garment for the soul divine." And if this process is not the veritable spirit of God moving on the face of the water—then the pterodactyl was evolved out of the swift.

H. J. M.

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Reviews.

AN IDEALIST CONFESSES.

"The Evolution of an Intellectual." By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. (Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.)

THOUGH its title suggests that it is not for us to read who flinch from the insult of "high brow," this book is as native and peculiar to our own time as an ex-soldier who robs a bank or dismisses a mistress with a gun, and almost as interesting. From it we may learn of an alembic in modern society which may prove nearly as potent as the influence of the citizens who grew richer as the cemeteries expanded with heroes. To know to what forces life is conforming it is as necessary to read such a book as this as the reports of the doings of the politicals. Perhaps it tells the time even better than Big Ben; for do we really know what hour was struck last? Mr. Murry, we gather, thinks it was midnight. He certainly creates the illusion of that critical hour, when the laws we know are suspended, and the faintest tapping may be gravely premonitory.

We are not so concerned with the book itself as with the mind and mood of which it is the evidence. Many of the young soldiers who survived the war, and who are now scrutinizing society in the light of a surprising and disquieting knowledge, would feel akin, we think, to Mr. Murry. At least, they would understand quite well why it is he now finds his philosophy shaping as it does. We feel sure, however, their elders would not. For that reason we commend his book to the old who are yet young enough to be concerned with the way affairs may possibly shape. If they wish to know how the minds are working (obscurely to us, but obviously with understanding and ardor, and without thought of reward, approval, or abuse) that are examining the accepted foundations from which our venerated traditions and institutions arise, and if they wish to know why our verities are often pronounced by these young men to be shadows and illusions, here it may be found. For the most powerful magic for transmuting traditions and fixed notions is sincere art, and the music, books, and pictures of the next generation may come out of just such ideas as are shown developing in this book of essays. Mr. Murry certainly writes as an "intellectual," and for his own sort, but it would be wise not to measure narrowly the importance of his work by that. The fact is, at the back of his mind he is moved by no more than the question, deadly and challenging, of the many nameless nobodies, who remember all that youth was told before it went to the sacrifice, and who now look upon the dark wreckage and the memories, and cry: For what?

When the question is put in that direct and simple form we dare not answer it. Nobody is trying to answer it. We know the answer, and we know it won't bear hearing by the simple, who do not look for analysis of causes, but comfort. But comfort is the last thing for which Mr. Murry would look. He knows he won't get it. So when he and his like present the question to us in its intellectual form, we are not going to avoid the horrid difficulty, on that occasion, by keeping a grave silence. For these young men know we cannot answer them, and that is exactly what they are telling each other. When youth has that secret code and understanding, it is the prelude to the overturning of much that is sacred, hoary, and, maybe, empty.

Mr. Murry wants the truth. Presumably he would not be unconcerned exactly, if, when he surmised it, the truth should leave him feeling like the last man watching the last sunset; for no doubt he would much rather be happy. But if it comes to that, and the latest activities of humanity prove to be the culmination of a long and dreary cosmic joke at which there is Nobody even to laugh, then he is prepared to wrap his shroud round him (the joke finished) and shiver in fortitude before ultimate vacuity in a world making the turn which takes it into kindly Limbo. To such a state of mind as that, bleak, coldly scornful, courageous, but steadily negative, and refusing to accept what youth always did accept from us, has the latest expression of all that civilization means brought the young, thoughtful, and imaginative. The elders of Church and State, it appears, have something to answer for, though it must be admitted that it was difficult

for them, in such a terrific crisis, to show themselves other than they were. Well, now the young know pretty well what it is that all our solemn and ornate ritual has behind it, so it would be absurd to blame them for the knowledge they have gained, seeing that, made careless by a great excitement, we "blew the gaff," as the saying goes, ourselves.

This "evolution of an intellectual" is shown in a series of essays, beginning in 1914, touching the war, politics, philosophy, and literature, and arranged chronologically (readers of THE NATION will recognize some of them, for they were published here anonymously). They present the consequence of fundamental disillusionment, of the betrayal, not only of the innocent and generous impulses of the young, but of the imagination of the artist; for the artists, at the beginning of the war, were in fellowship, for once and for a wonder, with the herd exaltation of the populace and the patriots. The shock of this betrayal has affected even the use Mr. Murry makes of our language. That indeed is peculiarly symptomatic of his mind, and of that of other young artists and writers of consequence to-day. It is a significant phenomenon. They have an obsession for rigorous honesty. Their generous and romantic impulse has been betrayed, and now they are extremely wary, when they show themselves. They are reticent and watchful, speak in low tones, and use slight emphasis. They are drastic—too drastic—but they explain their minds in such a simple way that it is only at a second look that you are aware that the implication is extremely serious. Mr. Murry, intent on following the labyrinthine clues which may discover to us our true bearings in our present bewildering and uncharted time, being cruelly honest with himself, refusing anodynes, comforts, and refreshment on his daring mental adventures, not infrequently finds his touch growing almost insensitive to the tenuity of the clue, which ends at length over a dim and unfathomable abyss from which not even an answering echo is returned. He has to stop, with a simple gesture indicating there is "no thoroughfare" that way, either. Yet to convey such subtleties and frail surmises, never easy even when a lively fancy has use of a good vocabulary, he makes his task the harder by using nothing but the plainest of austere English. He will not allow figures of speech to help him. They might be painted harlots to him. It is as though, shocked by the revelations the war has made of the inherent dishonesty of the human intelligence, and determined to work, if possible, with primary elements, he rejects every word that plays tricks with the light. Colors suggest romance. He is a disillusioned idealist. His mind is pale and still, in a hair shirt, as it were. Consequently, the effect of his prose on a reader may be compared to that of a zero temperature in bright weather, in which you can see clearly a great distance, on a man who feels, as most of us do to-day, that what he wants is forgetfulness before a nice cosy fire.

But Mr. Murry will not let us forget. We must be reminded, and not only that, but shown that reminder is essential to our well-being. No more drowsy forgetfulness for us sinners before nice fires. Mr. Murry may be described, in his present mood, as the incarnate importunity of fallen youth and lost idealists who now cannot speak for themselves. Through him, they will not let us forget. We must face what we have done:—

"One must speak, carefully, for one's own generation; one must speak, principally, for one's self, not personally, but in the same sense that each one of us may be in a secret hour convinced that he must bear the burden of the guilt of the war. We must speak as knowing inasmuch as we are symbols of the guilt we are symbols also of the hope of the future. . . . we stand before the need of new artists and the fact of a new world."

And again:—

"What new discipline, what undreamed of martyrdom will now be demanded of us? What if we, who have felt the pain of watching the ideals which seemed part of our very souls trampled underfoot, are now required to find the secret road to the knowledge that it could not have been otherwise, that it was better so, and even that to such contemplation our own utter discomfiture is beautiful?"

When youth we thought dead speaks so, we are forced to listen. John the Baptist is not now unmistakably a fanatic whom level-headed people may ignore. When John, who calls us to repent, is but quiet eyes that do not show even reproach, but are merely a searching and terrible question, through

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which shows the pain of the mind we have bruised, and when as we would answer that question we are suddenly reminded of the innocent spirit and the bright and quick intelligence of what the world has lost, our retort dies in consternation. The predictors and testifiers of old could never have worked on those who passed by as does this ghost, importunate from the past, who insists on an answer when there is no answer to give, for not even confession and repentance will answer this time:—

"Nothing can obliterate the mountain of suffering which has been endured. The millennium itself could not compensate for it; not even if the pain had been voluntarily sought and, so far as deliberate will could secure it, willingly endured. Even with these few there was the moment when the fiercest will faded before the bodily agony. And of the whole, how many were there who suffered willingly? No glorious future, no splendid purpose achieved, can ever justify these hecatombs of pain. They are adamant and elemental; they cannot be resolved into anything other than themselves, naked, unforgettable evil."

From this evil Mr. Murry would find refuge in the end—though well he knows no escape is possible—in the "Republic of the Spirit." One gathers that this kingdom, like another of which we have heard, is not of this earth. Yet, he argues, there is no other refuge for us. It would be idle to pretend any longer, seeing we lately dropped all our disguises, and have shown the veils of religion, science, and art have beneath them something that a Solomon Islander would recognize as a fellow-Christian, that what Plato imagined, and that what Christ knew, will ever agree with humanity's predominant desires, whatever lip service to the ideal humanity may pay. Let us, therefore, honestly confess, says Mr. Murry, the defeat of the imagination, our failure to make spirit transmute matter and the brute. But his Republic of the Spirit is no escape for him. That Jerusalem the Golden has been sought by eremites and gynnosophists for ages, and we have never learned that they entered its gates. The reason is that there is no division between the best that the finest minds have divined and the universe. We cannot separate from the world even when we see in a vision the City of God, for that also is part of the universe. If the worst that mankind has done was inherent, as certainly it must have been, in that blob on a palaeozoic mud-bank, so was much else that appears in its nature to be as different as day from night. The cry of anguish of the defeated idealist was in the original nucleus also. "If Thou wilt, let this cup pass from me." Apparently the cup has got to be drained; we don't know why, and it is no good asking. That also was in the processes, like the war. When that plea was raised in agony, it was not a cry of physical pain. It was an agony of the mind. In crucifying him they had denied the light. The cup did not pass; and evil is and must be a mystery; yet, Mr. Murry must confess, the light, too, is unfailing. It remains. It is evident evil cannot douse it. That is something as worth considering as the fact that evil persists. Therefore our essayist has given us an incomplete book. We want now his affirmation. He must find us a finer and more enduring refuge than his Republic of the Spirit, if no less austere.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S PART IN THE WAR.

"Mr. Lloyd George and the War." By WALTER ROCH.
(Chatto & Windus 16s.)

The ironical method has been applied to the writing of history in two great instances and in many minor ones. In "Mr. Lloyd George and the War," Mr. Walter Roch puts it to a restricted, but still a significant, employment. His plan is to treat the war in an episodical and illustrative fashion, and to take Mr. George as a characteristic type of war-statesman, no wiser or stronger than his contemporaries in the handling of military issues, but more adroit in the treatment of its political material. Much in the same spirit Homer might be imagined as deviating into an excursus on Diomed or the Oilean Ajax. Diomed and the quick-footed Ajax did not exactly win the Trojan war, but a tolerable tale might be built upon the suggestion that they did. So with Mr. Roch. His concluding sentence seems to summon the "vast majority of a grateful nation" to join, "almost with one accord," in hailing the Prime Minister as the winner of the great war. But here

we suspect a deliberate intention to spring a trap for the unwary. Mr. Roch may have it in his mind to write a book proving the thesis which he here embodies in a Parthian suggestion. Even that theme might miscarry, and remain, like poor Mr. Casaubon's Key to All the Mythologies, projected and unwritten. But for the present Mr. Roch has kept the secret of Mr. George's generalship to himself. He does indeed expound the Prime Minister's strategy, which was to regard the Western Front as an "eternal stalemate," and to effect a saving diversion in the East. But he adds that it was not adopted. He also describes with some fresh and interesting detail the expedition (that of Salonika) which had Mr. Lloyd George's cordial approval, and contained at least the germ of more far-reaching military ideas. But he is careful to add the verdict of our General Staff that the Salonika enterprise was a "dissipation of our strength and a mal-direction of forces." As early as 1915 Mr. George was prepared to organize and engage a mixed force of 1,100,000 men for an attack on Austria. The scheme never materialized. Did any good military opinion support it? And did not the issue of the struggle condemn it, and the entire conception of Easternism, as a confused reading of the strategy and geography of the war?

For the rest, Mr. Roch does not even allow the popular claim that unity of command on the Western Front originated with Mr. George and that it decided the campaign. For his narrative makes it clear that the notion was in its origin French, and that the Prime Minister was only responsible for an unsuccessful application of it. Mr. George's first candidate for the post of Generalissimo was Nivelle, the author of the disaster of the Chemin des Dames. The second appointment, that of Foch, was concerted with Haig and Clemenceau by Lord Milner at the historic Conference at Doullens, from which the Prime Minister was absent. And it was essentially an act of military abnegation on the part of Haig, made at a moment of great emergency, rather than of political forethought or even of considered strategy. There is nothing really derogatory to Mr. George in this elimination of him, and of the political class in general, from the essential conduct of the campaigns of 1917 and 1918. In fact, no politician since Chatham can be said to have won a war. In the war of 1914 to 1919 the vast forces engaged yielded to no single guidance, military or political. They were simply enlocked, swayed to and fro, and, as they tottered apart, sick and spent with the struggle, obeyed, in the final momentum, the prevailing force in the economic entanglement.

Mr. Roch makes little more of Mr. George's part in pre-war politics than of his contribution to the strategic conceptions of Foch and Haig. Essentially it was superficial. Mr. George was not in 1914 a governing force in the Ministry of 1910. He did not act as if he believed in an approaching European conflict at all. "He cannot," says Mr. Roch, "be included in the number of those who foretold, or even of those who foresaw, the probability or the possibility of war with Germany." Till (in 1911) he was taken into the confidence of the inner group, he dwelt with Mr. Churchill in the "upper stratum" of the Cabinet, and lived for the Liberal ideas of peace and internal reform. He played a manful part as a Radical Chancellor, and it led him into continual and at times disruptive conflict with the "lower stratum," where resided the governing trio—Mr. Asquith, Lord Haldane, and Lord Grey—and where the executive work went on. He can have known little of Lord Grey's "conversations" (in 1906) with M. Cambon, and what he did know he obviously disapproved. In conjunction with Mr. Churchill he fought the "Dreadnought" campaign, and though since the outbreak of war he declared that Germany had been "preparing for years," he gave her, in 1908, a full acquittal on the ground of her naval policy. The war in naval armaments was not, he declared, her fault. "We started it; it is not they who have started." Within six months of the war he went further and, in January, 1914, conceded the whole German case for land armaments as vital to the "independence of the nation itself." At that period, however, the *détente* of Berlin had begun, and Mr. George might fairly claim that the Cabinet were as pacific as himself.

But for all these disclosures the riddle of Mr. George's mind remains unanswered. For between the two utterances there occurred the episode of the Mansion House speech, and the peremptory warning to

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To us in this country nothing matters quite so much as good relations between ourselves and the United States. Nearer things look bigger, the high cost of living, the pressure of taxation, the shifting of political power from the classes that have held it for centuries, all these things press hard on our mind, but they are trifles compared with the importance of peace.

In all our troubles, let us give thanks for some things. Law and order still prevail in our land. A traveller in England sees our fields being tilled, our factory chimneys smoking, our men and women going peacefully and safely about their work. In England the poorest can find work, and food, and shelter, and the hope of betterment. Half Europe would be glad to be sure of protection for life and limb. Unless we make peace with the same vigour that we made War it will not stay with us.

The War has left only two of the great nations standing upright, and on the understanding between these two, rest the foundations of such order as remains in the world.

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Germany, and hardly less to France herself, not to leave us out of the second Morocco settlement, from which it had been the consistent object of Franco-British policy to exclude her. In that incident Mr. George for the first time acted as the organ of the governing three. He fell back again, as Mr. Roch points out, to pacifism. But we were very near to war with Germany in 1911, how near Mr. Roch suggests in a striking passage, the full authority for which we should like to see explored:

"... The lower stratum of the Cabinet under Mr. Haldane has been moving; an expeditionary force has been created, military 'conversations' had ceased to be mere hypothetical expressions of goodwill; provision for possible eventualities had been made; the military manoeuvres for 1911 had not yet been held, and the money thus saved was spent on perfecting arrangements for mobilization. It was now only necessary that a visible button on the upper stratum should be pressed, and within thirteen days six British divisions and a cavalry division would be in their appointed places on the Belgian frontier. Everything, it now appeared, had been prepared by General Wilson and the French General Staff, down to the *dix minutes d'arrêt* which would give the soldiers their morning cup of tea in France."

This design for a continental war was, says Mr. Roch, thwarted by Mr. McKenna's refusal to supply the transports until the Cabinet had been consulted, and the danger gradually passed away. But where in this emergency was Mr. George? The ambitious policy in Morocco, based on a mutual partition of that country and of Egypt, could not have been defended, and Liberal Europe would have shrunk back in horror from war on such an issue. Yet the Radical watch-dog was silent.

The explanation would seem to be that the evolution of Mr. George's mind was, as these critical examples of it show, an affair not of the development of opinion or even of the growth of character, so much as of a change of environment and atmosphere. The Prime Minister, inhabiting the Radical and pacific sphere, thought and spoke as a Radical and pacifist; caught up in the great Imperialist movement and being indeed indispensable to its existence, he did not merely, as Mr. Roch suggests, pass from the "upper" to the "lower stratum" of the Cabinet; he became a different man. The two public persons who did best out of the war were Lord Northcliffe and Mr. George. Why? Because its exciting, irrational, and unethical air exactly suited them, and offered them the widest possible theatre for their powers. Peace was too quiet, too much under the domain of the reasonable consciousness of man. Once launched on the troubled sea of war, Mr. Roch says, fairly enough that here and there Mr. George did well, especially when quick decisions were called for, or a flash of insight, unrelated to wide knowledge or well-tested experience. The Prime Minister "speeded up" the manufacture of high explosives. He seems, judging by his memorandum of September, 1916, to have foreseen the Roumanian disaster a little sooner and more clearly than the rest of the Cabinet. And his S. O. S. to America in 1918, was a clear and dramatic expression of the needs of the Allies, then visibly threatened with disaster. But his real contribution to the war-spirit was that he acted as a "live wire" between it and the people; he was a "vitalizer" of war's superficial energies. His failure was in his own business of "statesmanship." He saw nothing "whole," neither the danger of the war to the political and economic system of Europe and to its code of State morals, nor the means of tempering the peril; and when great and ultimate responsibilities were laid upon him, as at Versailles, he broke down completely. Mr. Roch's lively, suggestive style and epigrammatic touch illustrate this view of Mr. George; but he leaves it to be gathered up as an inference, or hinted in the ironical turn of a sentence or a reflection. The moral will be intuitively discerned by the quick or the informed student; the more average reader may read on with only an intermittent guess.

BEFORE LONDON WAS.

"Middlesex in British, Roman, and Saxon Times." By MONTAGU SHARPE. (Bell.)

It is always a fascinating pursuit to reconstruct a picture of the long-dead past, and the success of Mr. Wells's "Time

Machine" indicates its attractiveness in the bold, sweeping hands of a writer of imagination and of scientific speculation. If the historian is condemned to lesser flights in his backward glances to the beginnings of Time, he may yet offer his readers compensation in that the data are more exactly fixed and the details more vivid and more localized. In this work Mr. Montagu Sharpe, Chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions and late Chairman of the Middlesex County Council, has devoted the leisure of a life of affairs to writing for the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society a history of the early days of his county, and especially has devoted to a study of the Roman mensuration system and its division of the land for cultivation and taxation a labor which will be equally fruitful when applied to other counties. To us the most attractive part of his work is the careful outline which he draws of that distant day before London was. As history has always an additional charm when linked with localities that are familiar to us, it is not surprising that we should feel the special appeal of this picture of the very heart and core of the city in which we live and work. If Mr. Sharpe is a little too certain of some points that is no fault to the general reader's eye.

The picture which Mr. Sharpe presents to us of this spot when Julius Cæsar marched by it without noticing it is that of a small bluff or hillock—it could hardly be called a cliff—on the north bank of the Thames overlooking a vast area of flooded marshes. Its exact site is to be found in the eastern wards of the modern City of London—a gravelly eminence resting on the London clay and possessing an unique advantage that its river-front was clear of marshes and had water of sufficient depth to allow the small galleys which were to trade to and from the Continent to use it as a wharf. There is no evidence of any British settlement on this spot. All the early remains which have been dug up here are Roman, and London owes its origin entirely to that great and masterful people, the greatest colonizers, and, on the whole, the wisest administrators that the world ever had. On the west of the spot we are considering was the stream afterwards called the Walbrook, which to-day gives its name to a street and a sewer by the Mansion House, and on the east it was surrounded by the marshes of the River Lea and of the Thames, which then covered the greater part of what is now East London. They were only passable at Old Ford—a place-name that still survives—by which the British trade-road from Brentford and the west passed into East Anglia. Up the Thames was the reedy, sodden islet afterwards called Thornea Island, where Sebert, King of the East Saxons, early in the 7th century endowed the Abbey of St. Peter—an island which has undergone so many changes, and has gathered round itself the whole machinery of British law and government. Marshes and swamps occupied the site of our parks right up to Oxford Street, and beyond that stretched the vast forest to the Chilterns on the north and through Epping and Hainault into East Anglia. Here wolves, wild boars, and foxes roamed at will; here the British inhabitants had their stockaded villages consisting of roughly-built log-huts and cattle compounds, surrounded by fortifications of felled trees which one might pass in the dense forest without observing them. On the northern edge of this great forest primeval lay their largest town which the Romans called Verulamium and we call St. Albans, with vast herds of cattle under the rule of the Catuvellaunian king. St. Albans, it should be remembered, was a city built, however roughly, by men's hands in the days when London was only a sandy riverside knoll.

But the most extraordinary difference from the panorama of London as presented to-day was that exhibited by the south. The Roman tourists who, we read, visited the infant colony in thousands as early as the middle of the 2nd century A.D.—reversing the tide of curiosity which now makes thousands of British tourists visit Rome—standing on the gravelly knoll by the site of the Mansion House might look across the river on a vast swamp which stretched from our Woolwich to Wandsworth. Eight miles long by two broad it occupied the whole of the teeming streets and roads and alleys which we call Lambeth, and Kennington, Bermondsey, Deptford, and Rotherhithe, right up to the slopes of Clapham and Streatham, with one huge sheet of alternate mud and

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water. Even in Tudor days this area was so difficult to drain that a special Commission of Sewers was appointed whose function it was to prevent the owners of water-mills from obstructing the flow, and to compel the land-owners to embank, repair, and cleanse the streams which traversed it. But in Roman days the Thames was not embanked, and its stream fed by a score of brooks and rivers spread out in rainy seasons to shallow marshes. The trade route of the many merchants who entered Britain from Gaul long before Cæsar landed was from Dover by the Kentish uplands to Shooters Hill. There, according to Mr. Sharpe, they followed the higher ground of Clapham and Wandsworth to the Wandle—which on the vague authority of Dion Cassius he thinks was crossed by a native bridge—and so to Wimbledon Common, where earthworks, still misnamed "Cæsar's Camp," protected the route from the hostile tribes of the west. Through Richmond Park and Kew he traces these Gaulish traders to Brentford, which was the main crossing of the Thames and thus the central entrance to Middlesex. Here, says Mr. Sharpe, in B.C. 54, Julius Cæsar's legions, disdaining the sharp oaken stakes planted in hundreds in the bed of the river to impede their progress—some of the stakes were drawn out of the river-bed as recently as 1905—forded the shallow stream and made good their footing on the northern shore. Here, nearly one hundred years later, Claudius Cæsar's legions accomplished the same feat against a far stronger confederacy of the tribes, being assisted, as Mr. Sharpe holds, by the terror spread in their ranks at the appearance of an elephant which formed as important an element in the *materiel* of Claudius's general, Aulus Plautius, as the "tanks" in a British Army to-day. But while the trade route was by Brentford he says, there was a dangerous footway through the southern swamps which no army could attempt and no Gaulish trader would adventure, ending at Stanegate, the present site of St. Thomas's Hospital. Here the traveller might at low-tide wade across to Thornea Island and then, after wading through several other streams, struggle through our "West End" and find himself on firm ground at Tyburn, *en route* for the northern forests and St. Albans. But this foot-path could have been little used, and our Roman tourist looking for "the Surrey side" would gaze on a vast mere where flocks of wildfowl screamed and reeds and mud were the only prospect. It must have chanced often that he could not see even these, for Herodian tells us that from the marshes which abounded in southern Britain vapors and exhalations "make the atmosphere always appear dense"—no doubt the earliest literary reproach against the fogs of London.

Julius Cæsar's invasion was a mere foray; it was reserved for Claudius and his elephant to secure the submission of southern Britain, and it was a year or so later, probably in A.D. 44, that London was founded by Aulus Plautius. It is therefore almost coeval with the Christian era. Round the entrenchments which the skilled Roman engineers constructed to defend the military camp and in a spot protected by rivers and marshes and too distant from the northern forest to be easily surprised, Londinium rose. A crowd of dwellings soon collected there, of camp followers and settlers, of traders and merchants who sought protection or who supplied the troops, of discharged legionaries who married British wives and decided to settle in the land. It must not be supposed that these soldiers had any special home-sickness for Rome or even Italy; the legionaries came from all the races of the Empire. In the modern excavations at the Roman camp at Corbridge in Northumberland, there was unearthed the tombstone of one Barates, a native of Palmyra, who came from the ruined city of Zenobia to die among those northern forests and moorlands. These men found no difficulty in amalgamating with the native population, and the Gaulish traders no doubt added to the settlers' numbers. So suitable did London prove for a port that Tacitus, twenty years later, specially mentions its growth as a place of trade. The Roman tessellated pavements which have been dug up beneath Bucklersbury and other City streets prove that Londinium was no mere collection of shanties like a Rhodesian mining camp, but a fully equipped Roman town with the refinements which higher civilization was able to bring to a less advanced, though by no means a barbarous people. The infant City sustained one serious set-back when it was sacked and its civilian inhabitants

slaughtered by Boadicea, in revenge for the oppression of her people, the East Anglian Iceni, in A.D. 61. The Roman General Suetonius had been compelled to evacuate Londinium in order to join his legions marching from Wales, and, the junction effected, he gave battle to the British Queen on a site which Mr. Sharpe identifies with painful precision as the sandy, treeless slopes of Hampstead Heath near the Spaniards. His reason for this conclusion is that no other open space existed near London free from marshes and from trees, and it would have been fatal for the Roman General to have allowed the battle to take place in a forest, every path and every thicket known to his active, and desperate, though ill-disciplined opponents. He rejects, therefore, the identification of Battle Bridge, near King's Cross, and plumps for Hampstead Heath. But he does not admit that Boadicea was buried under the mound on Parliament Hill, as has been popularly supposed. When this mound was opened in 1895 it only contained charcoal, and Mr. Sharpe holds that this shows it was an artificial one, a botontinus, erected after Boadicea's day by the Roman surveyors as a boundary mark. The corresponding mound in the line of mensuration stood in Tothill Fields, Westminster, on the present site of the St. Ermin's Hotel. St. Ermin, one may interject here, was an entirely imaginary saint, evolved in the 18th century from the place-name "Hermit's Hill," itself due to a hermit who resided on this mound in the reign of Henry VIII. This Roman surveyors' mound in Westminster was levelled early in the 19th century when Tothill Fields were built on.

With the defeat of Boadicea the southern Britons finally submitted to the Roman government and under the wise administration of Julius Agricola the civilization and the wealth of the country advanced rapidly. Lands were marked out for agriculture, and the fields divided up among the Catuvellauni, the legionaries, and the settlers. The British chariot ways through the forests were widened and new ones were marked out and paved. Where the Catuvellaunian clearings stood in the woods Romano-British villages grew up, their religious groves were marked by Roman temples, which in future years were adroitly converted into Christian churches. The villages which thus arose in the Forest of Middlesex received in later times Saxonized names which still appear in the topography of the county, but the foundation of all this, as Mr. Sharpe shows in many valuable maps and plans, was Roman. One notable change was soon made in the physical aspect of South London. A causeway, paved with stone—the British tracks were all unmetalled—was constructed for two miles from our Kennington to Stanegate in order to facilitate the use of the ford to Westminster and so to St. Albans. But the needs of the new port were still unsatisfied, and the next step was the construction of a short causeway from what is now Newington to somewhere near the present site of London Bridge, where a ferry was established and maintained until the first wooden bridge was built. This causeway gave the merchants arriving from Kent easy access to Londinium and saved a sixteen-mile march round by Brentford, which correspondingly declined in commercial importance. It is a curious circumstance that the line of this Roman causeway is still marked by a street called Newington Causeway, which may fairly be regarded as the oldest street-name in the Metropolis. In due time Londinium became the capital of the Roman canton which stretched northward to the Chilterns. A Roman Mint was established there and a Christian Bishopric. When the Picts and Scots threatened it in A.D. 322 they were beaten off—perhaps at Battle Bridge—and it is to that period that the erection of the Roman wall is attributed. It is significant of its progress that in less than three centuries Londinium had so grown that 322 acres had to be included in this wall, some fragments of which still remain, and it is with the erection of this wall that our survey of London must stop. After that London was a city firmly established among the cities of the world, and Mr. Sharpe, in his interesting volume, describes its survival of fire and sword, Saxon, Dane, and Norman. The forest retreated before it, the marsh and the mere dried up on its borders, and villages appeared. Bridges in time spanned its river, its waters were filled with ships, and its shores adorned with palaces. Where the Roman General, Aulus Plautius, saw a sandhill, we have seen a province slowly and painfully constitute itself.

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The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

ALL those who realize the importance of a return to sanity in national and international finance will read with approval the memorial which leading statesmen and bankers, both in Europe and in the United States, have presented to their respective Governments. The document is full of pure economic wisdom from beginning to end. It is an appeal to the various nations to set their own houses in order before asking other people to help them, but it points out at the same time how essential international co-operation is when the primary conditions have been observed by those who most need help from outside. "No country is deserving of credit that will not, or cannot, bring its current expenditure within the compass of its receipts from taxation and other regular income. A decrease of excessive consumption and an increase of production and taxation are recognized as the most helpful—if not the only—remedies." The world's balance-sheet, the memorialists point out, must be deflated. In a few terse sentences the document goes to the root of the troubles of international finance, and hints at their cure. It goes on to appeal for the calling of an international conference to discuss remedies. Doubtless if and when such a conference is called, the memorial itself will form the groundwork on which such a conference will base its deliberations. The fact that Mr. Hoover is one of the signatories is significant and reassuring, after the suspicion of American aloofness which was read into his recent speech by some critics.

THE NEW EXCHEQUER BONDS.

The sermon preached in the above-mentioned memorial to the world's Governments may be summed up as "Cut your coat according to your cloth," and it is extremely satisfactory to find that Mr. Chamberlain preached from a similar text in his speech to the War Savings Assembly towards the close of last week. He laid it down as the first necessity of financial recovery that revenue should be made to balance expenditure, and stated very definitely that no new borrowing was necessary. He then went on to explain that in order to meet obligations arising from maturing securities, during 1920, he proposed to make a new issue of 5½ per cent. Exchequer Bonds. This prompt announcement was welcomed in the Money Market as it put an end to a host of disquieting rumors about the Treasury's policy. These rumors ranged from a forecast that these obligations would be met wholly by increasing the floating debt to the equally unfounded statement that the Chancellor would seize the opportunity for launching a big funding loan. City opinion is decidedly relieved that Mr. Chamberlain has steered a middle course between these two alternative policies. As regards the actual terms of the issue, it will be seen that they are extremely generous in the matter of conversion rights granted to holders of those securities which mature this year. Moreover, the option given to claim early repayment is a most effective preventive of market depreciation. It is hoped, of course, to induce a large proportion of holders of such securities to convert into the new bonds. Banks, finance houses, and insurance companies are the largest holders of the maturing bonds, and are sure to convert largely. All private holders are strongly recommended to do so. But many, of course, will not do so, and it is therefore desired that the public should make an effort to subscribe for a reasonable amount. The total amount of securities maturing this year which the Treasury has to repay is £212 millions. Since the Chancellor has definitely stated that there is no need for new borrowing, it may be presumed that any subscriptions above the total of £212 millions will be utilized for reducing the floating debt, which is obviously desirable. As against some inevitable grumbles of insufficient attraction in the terms offered, one hears occasionally the conflicting criticism that if the Bank Rate had been left at 5 per cent. the present issue might have been made at something approaching 1 per cent. cheaper, and the public purse saved to that extent. But this is a difficult subject of controversy, and, as I have previously

stated on this page, there were at the time strong reasons for raising the rate. It is hoped, however, in Money Market circles that the Bank Rate may go down again before the spring.

RUSSIAN POLICY AND STOCKS.

All Russian securities quoted on the London Stock Exchange have of late been crumbling away as the hope of settled peace in Russia seemed to grow more dim. They have revived somewhat strikingly on the new pronouncement of policy of the Allied spokesmen at the Paris Conference; the Stock Exchange, at any rate, appears to hope that the new proposal to trade with the Russian co-operative societies and to raise the blockade means that an avenue is being opened up, and which will lead out of the present chaos. How certain Russian securities have crumbled away since November and recovered since the statement of the new Allied policy is shown by the following table. The movements of the Russian 4½ per cent. Loan and of the Russian Oil Shares are the most noticeable:

	Price Nov., 1919.	End of Jan. 15, 1920.	Price Jan. 21, 1920.	Rise. ...
Russian 4½% ...	18½	18½	20½	2
" 5½%, 1906 ...	39½	33½	37	3½
" 4½%, 1909 ...	33	29½	29½	—
Petrograd 4½% ...	35½	29	28½	-½
Armavir-Touapse Rly., 4½% Bonds ...	36	27½	28½	1
Russian South-Eastern Rly. 4½% Bonds ...	34½	27	29	2
North Caucasian Oil (10/-) ...	17·16	7	15·32	9·32
Spies Petroleum (10/-) ...	15·6	10/-	12·6	2·6
Ural Caspian Oil (£1) ...	211·16	18	115·16	9·16
Lena Gold Fields (£1) ...	1½	14	15·16	1·16
Spassky Copper (£1) ...	1·13·16	1½	15·16	5·16

It would not take very much in the way of a tangible proposal that looked like leading to peace in Russia to send these stocks considerably higher.

THE WEEK IN THE MARKETS.

The movements of the exchanges this week have emphasized in striking fashion the urgency for concerted international financial policy as advocated in the memorial discussed above. The New York exchange touched a new low level and the Belgian rate a new high record. The franc depreciated again, and the mark reached the penny level, while the Dutch exchange reached a new low record. These violent movements, whether in our favor or against us, are a serious obstacle to trade, and the direction of our overseas trade is such as to aggravate the position. In the money market supplies of floating credit have been abundant, and the discount market has been easy. The gross National Debt has been reduced by £20 millions this year, but this may be only a temporary effort. On the Stock Exchange gilt-edged stocks have been firmer, while textiles and breweries were well supported. Oil shares continue their upward course, and while there is no reason why the movement should stop now, many of the shares are over-valued and a purchase in this market should only be made after careful consultation. Rubber shares are patchy. Among iron and steel shares Lysaghts were fancied on the fusion with Guest, Keen and Nettlefold. Tobacco shares hardened slightly on the large profits disclosed by leading companies. The first Bank balance sheets show interesting movements, to which I hope to refer next week. Although Mr. Chamberlain appealed to promoters to withhold new issues during the Exchequer Bond issue's duration, there are, of course, a number of issues which could not be suddenly postponed. The 6 per cent. (income-tax free) preference shares of the Federated Rubber Growers and Manufacturers is rather of the nature of a lock-up investment, but the yield of over 8½ per cent. allowing for tax is adequate in view of the security offered. Toogoods, the seedsmen, offer ordinary shares which may be regarded as a not altogether unpromising risk, though the prospectus would be better if it gave profit figures instead of turnover.

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